The Revolution.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

OFFICE, 49 EAST TWENTY-THIRD ST.

THREE DOLLARS A YEAR.

We are happy to inform our readers that the success of The Revolution has been such as to warrant us in enlisting among our corps of contributors many of the best writers of the country, whose names will shortly appear, and to put our paper on the basis of a first-class literary, as well as reformatory journal. Under these circumstances, we trust that our friends will recognize the necessity of our henceforth advancing the price of The Revolution from two to three dollars a year, which, with these added advantages, and its superior paper, typographical execution and press-work, we still have it the cheapest journal in the country.

Short articles, essays, stories, poems, etc., are respectfully solicited from first-class writers, with the assurance that their MS. will be liberally paid for if published, or returned to the writer when stamps for that purpose are enclosed.

PETITION FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

The following Petition was adopted by the National Woman's Suffrage Association at their meeting held at the Woman's Bureau, June 1:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

The undersigned women of the United States ask for the prompt passage by your Honorable bodies of an amendment to the Constitution, to be submitted to the Legislatures of the several States for ratification, which shall secure to all citizens the right of Suffrage, without distinction of sex.

The Women's Typographical Union meets at 22 Duane st. the third Wednesday of each month.

MISS ANTHONY'S TAX.

United States Internal Revenue,
Collector's Office, 32d District, New York.
New York, June 2d, 1869.

Miss Susan B. Anthony,

Madam: By the assessment list for the month of March last, I find that you are debited with the sum of $14.10 being the tax on sales or receipts.

As your office is now at so remote a point from the 32d District, I take this method of soliciting the payment of the amount mentioned above, rather than by the personal demand which a strict construction of the law requires, thereby sparing you an infliction for which I trust I shall be rewarded by an early remittance.

I am, very respectfully yours,

Alfred F. Puffer,
Deputy Collector, 83 Cedar st.

The Revolution,
No. 49 East 23d St. (Woman's Bureau),
New York, June 4th, 1869.

Alfred F. Puffer, *Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue.*

Dear Sir: I have your polite note informing me that as publisher of The Revolution I am indebted to the United States government in the sum of $14.10 for the tax on monthly sales of that journal.

Enclosed you will find the amount—*fourteen dollars ten cents*—but you will please understand that I pay it under protest.

The Revolution, you are aware, is a journal, the main object of which is to apply to these degenerate times the great principles on which our ancestors fought the battles of the Revolution, and whereon they intended to base our Republican government, viz., that "Taxation and representation should go together;" and that to inflict taxation upon any class of the people, without at the same time conferring upon them the right of representation, is tyranny.

I am not represented in the United States government, and yet that government taxes me; and it taxes me, too, for publishing a paper the chief purpose of which is to point out and rebuke the glaring and oppressive inconsistency between its professions and its practices.

Under the circumstances, the Federal government ought to be ashamed to exact this tax of me. However, as there is such pressing need of money to supply a treasury which is so sadly depleted by extravagant expenditures and clandestine abstractions by its own officials, I consent to contribute to its necessities this large sum ($14.10), assuring you that when the women get the ballot and become their own representatives, as they surely will and that very soon, they will conduct themselves more generously and equitably toward the men than men now do toward them; for we shall then not only *permit* you to pay taxes, but *compel* you to vote also. I had thought of resisting the payment of this tax on high moral grounds, as an unjustifiable exaction, but learning that the courts do not take cognizance of moral questions, I have decided to send you the sum ($14.10) enclosed.

I am, dear Mr. Puffer, very respectfully yours,

Susan B. Anthony.

HYGIENE VS. FASHION.

Dear Revolution: Will you allow a biped of the male persuasion to invade the sacred domain of "woman's dress," and particularly to offer a few comments on an article by Miss Olive Logan, which appeared in a late number? A woman whose mental horizon is limited by the latest new "love of a bonnet" and other like etceteras, might be pardoned for giving publicity to such hurtful ideas of dress; but when enunciated by a lady of Miss Logan's calibre, they call for contradiction, if not censure.

The first questionable paragraph embodies the bold statement, "that fashion in every country is what constitutes the test of modesty or indecency." In other words, everything fashionable is decent and respectable. It is almost a work of supererogation to advance anything against such a clear, manifest perversion. Was Miss Olive Logan rusticating in Lapland, or preaching Female Suffrage to the benighted people of Alaska, that she does not remember the "tilting hoop skirt" so much in vogue a few months since? Were they one whit better than the "satin breeches" of the theatre? Has she never seen the short dress—short at the top—exposing the chest to vulgar gaze and the wearer to bronchial affections. 'Tis true an attempt is sometimes made to limit the extent of vision with a thin piece of gauze, but such devices are too easily seen through.

Further on we hear of the "scientific experiments" of a "physician who aimed to prove that the health of the race would be perfect by dispensing with all clothes, taking the child at birth and raising him in nakedness to manhood!" Pray! what were those "scientific experiments?" Did that most learned physician take his own children or his neighbor's and rear them to manhood in our climate without clothing? If not, what were his investigations worth? In warm climates, first peopled by mankind modern clothing would probably have been injurious, but as the human race increased and advanced farther and farther to colder regions, and as their habits and physique changed, so clothing became necessary. Woman has improved largely on the primitive costume of Mother Eve. Circumstances and education compel the adoption of more voluminous drapery. Dress, when governed by common sense, good taste and natures' laws, affords protection, conduces to longevity, especially in northern climates, and adds beauty to the person; but when subject to the dictates of fashion or overweening vanity, is productive of innumerable and unnecessary evils.

Miss Logan sneers at the idea of making dress subservient to hygiene. Does she really mean it? Is it not a fact apparent to every scientific and right-thinking person that the fashionable apparel of the period undermines and destroys the constitution? The bloody car of Juggernaut presses out the vitality of its vic-

tims not more surely than does the gilded foot of fashion. Her votaries obey her most absurd and cruel demands with as great alacrity as the poor heathen devotee the requirements of his relentless deity. We are ready to condemn the Chinese for their barbarous method of twisting and distorting the foot into a shapeless, useless mass, while we pass without reproof the females of our country asphyxiating themselves slowly by binding down the chest walls and preventing their expansion, or crawling along with the spinal column bent and fastened in a painful position to make up that quintessence of absurdity known as the Grecian Bend. We smile at the uncivilized Asiatic with his closely-shaved head and tail-like cue, but we admire the mountain of false hair adorning the heads of our beautiful belles. The Asiatic has decidedly the advantage in this particular as in others, for he keeps the head cool, while our fashionable lady covers it with a mass of material which has the same effect that a large meal poultice would if worn constantly on the cranium.

Among the many abominations of dress which destroy the sex, "tight lacing" takes a prominent rank, and is deserving of more extended notice. To fully understand and appreciate its baneful influence, a few words on the structure and functions of an important region of the body are necessary.

The thorax or chest is an elastic framework which is capable of considerable expansion in every direction. It contains the lungs, the heart and great vessels, and is separated from the abdominal cavity by a large muscular floor called the diaphragm. The lungs are situated one on each side of the thorax, with the heart and blood-vessels between. They are formed of ramifications of the bronchial tubes and innumerable small sacs or cells which cluster around them. The cells bear the same relation to the tubes that the leaves of a tree do to its branches. On the walls of the cells are distributed minute plexuses of capillary blood-vessels, one set carrying the vitiated blood to the lungs for renewal, and another to carry off a load of oxygen to the tissues. The respiratory organs are very elastic, and by their expansion and by their distention of the cells the air is brought in contact with the blood-vessels, which are thereby enabled to give up their carbonic acid and receive oxygen in return. To allow of this process being carried on in a proper manner the chest walls must expand. If they are contracted and bound down by artificial means or disease, the lungs become contracted—they are not allowed room to expand—the air cells, especially in the lower and deeper parts of the lung tissue, do not get their normal supply of air—the blood-vessels carry back the fluid to the tissues in a depraved condition, entirely unfit for the purposes of nutrition. The effete material cast off by the lungs in the form of carbonic acid, to a certain extent, is retained, and thus the whole body is contaminated and the system brought to a state which predisposes to disease in various forms, and particularly to consumption. But this is not all. The "tight lacing" pushes the abdominal organs down towards the pelvis and displaces the viscera in the latter cavity, thereby occasioning many of the most troublesome maladies peculiar to women. I might go on and give instances without number to prove the deplorable effects of dressing in the fashion. Every physician in the country could furnish a dismal record, but my time will not permit. I would say, however, that the remedy for al this, is to educate women up to the idea that they can do something more than nurse and make pap for the baby—that they were made for other than ornamental purposes in the would—and that they are capable of guiding, and directing, and guarding their own interests as well as the generality of men.

S. Q. Lapius.

UP BROADWAY.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

CHAPTER XVI.

I have always noticed when men and women are similarly affected by sudden grief, in case of death, or other bereavements, that women are the first to recover composure. Now as far as I have observed—and I have tried to discriminate clearly and conscientiously—the good and bad are about equally distributed, and the counterpart of every wicked man may be found in the opposite sex.

This I know will be questioned by many radical reformers, who are somehow determined to see no virtue or decency among the fathers of the nation. The memory of my father—God bless him!—is just as dear to me as that of my mother, and in sympathy and tenderness I believe he was really her equal. Through the numberless ills of childhood, his loving arms encompassed me. Life was dreary, indeed, after he was called away.

It has so happened that in my strange and wearisome pilgrimage, my soul has been cheered by kind-hearted, pure-minded, honor-loving members of the proscribed sex, and I never hear them denounced, as I have lately had occasion to, by women who, if their own statements are to be credited, must have possessed demons for fathers, brothers and husbands, without feeling that the denouncers are not only shockingly ignorant in regard to natural laws, but also deficient in good, sterling common sense. Why a father should be of less consequence to a child than that child's mother, or his good name less to be considered, is something I cannot yet understand. But what I started to say was this—that the reason women generally recover themselves more quickly is, that care-taking belongs especially to them. The bearing and rearing of children tends to develop this quality, and, therefore, the consideration of others, if not the first thought, generally follows closely in its wake. Now I had not the remotest intention of reading a homily upon the virtues of the race, or of attempting to explain the difference between the natures and dispositions of the sexes; but it seems to me that women should be exceedingly careful how they attempt to underrate the masculine element; and it appears to me also, that women are quite as much to blame for the laxity of morals among men as men themselves. Did women but turn their backs upon known roues and libertines—did they but set the same value upon virtue and nobility of character that they do upon wealth and social position, the attainment of their God-given rights would then be comparatively easy.

There is nothing on earth that so unnerves me as to see a strong man in tears. I had dried my own eyes, and with my hand still in that of the stranger, waiting for him to recover composure, these thoughts chased themselves swiftly through my brain. It is astonishing how much one may think in an instant of time. Social requirements, conventionalities, privileges, each and all took on distinct and aggravated forms; and, without the least supernatural prescience, I was enabled perfectly to understand the route which the individual before me had travelled to reach this port of misery and humiliation.

"Pity him?" Yes, with my whole soul; just as much, and just as unreservedly as though the sufferer had been one of my own sex. As I stood (I must confess it) a little out of patience with myself for allowing my heart to go out thus spontaneously to a man who had been the cause of the downfall and degradation of one of my sisters, this little sentence was wafted into my soul—"All one in Christ Jesus;" and that settled it.

After that my hand was passive until he was ready to relinquish it.

"Come now," said I, "let's be seated, and talk this matter over immediately," and I straightened myself up, wiped my eyes for the fortieth time, and endeavored to assume a practical manner, which I imagined must be adopted with the grief-stricken man, but which I was very far from feeling. Not that I felt in the least like shirking the responsibility thus voluntarily assumed—that wasn't it; but I *did* feel strangely like managing the case my own way, and it seemed to me that wouldn't do. I have learned better since; have found that an impulse is oftentimes a genuine inspiration; and that the man or woman who pushes impulse one side, because Whately or some other man condemns impulse as contrary to true logical deduction—that person crowds out the divinest part of his nature.

"I cannot be mistaken," he said, with a desperate effort to be calm, "in regard to your errand. Oh! if you only knew what a load of wretchedness I have carried round with me all these years—if you only knew"—and here the poor fellow broke down again.

"Good God!" he moaned, now rising and pacing the room distractedly. "What a life! and what a wretch! Tell me, and tell me quickly—tell me this instant"—now seizing both my hands, and drawing me to the centre of the room. "Where is she? Is she alive? Don't, I implore you—don't tell me I may never look upon her face again! If you have come with her dying message—her precious last words—leave me without uttering them. As Heaven is my judge, I could not bear it! Talk about the tortures of the damned," he continued, more to himself than to me. "Have I not endured them? and all because of love—God-given love, as pure as angels may feel! It was love, so help me Heaven; it was love that brought all this desolation upon us; and now she is dead—dead—and you have come to tell me so! For pity's sake, why don't you speak?"

"I shall have *two* lunatics on my hands pretty soon, if you do not control yourself, my dear sir," I replied, a strange calm suddenly flooding my soul.

"*Two* lunatics?" he repeated—catching at the words—with wonderful rapidity, and drawing a chair close to mine.

"You are smiling, Mrs. Kirk! Why, your face looks like the face of heaven after a thunder shower! You couldn't smile if *she* was dead. You couldn't smile if you knew that such news would cause me to blow my brains out! *Two* lunatics? Mary is not in a mad house! *That* can't be! But that would be better than have her dead, because I could bring her to reason! Ay, my love could do that! She is alive. Yes, I know she is, by your face!

Tell me where I may find her," and the eager eyes were fixed upon mine with a magnetism which was irresistible.

"Mary is alive," I replied, and then waited a moment.

"Bless God!" he ejaculated.

"Oh! how untiringly I have searched for her, always to be disappointed."

"Mary is alive," I continued, "and in the possession of her senses, but very ill."

"Tell me, Mrs. Kirk, that she is not dangerously ill; and, for God's sake, let me go to her at once." And the man rushed frantically for his hat.

"But you are in no condition to go into the street," I continued. "Mary is ill, but I think if you will listen to me for a few moments, I can arrange matters so that you may be able to do her a great deal of good; I do not consider her *dangerously* ill, and I know that joy seldom kills; so please be quiet for a little."

"God bless you for ever and ever," he cried. "I am a happy man already."

(To be Continued.)

IN SEARCH OF A SCHOOL.

(Continued.)

One morning, soon after this event, there appeared in the N. Y. *Tribune* this notice, "Wanted at No. — Grand street, a young lady, graduate from New England, to go as assistant teacher, a few miles in the country."

A friend called in my behalf and made such excellent representations of my humble self and attainments, that the advertiser promised to engage no one till he had seen me.

At the interview which followed, everything seemed satisfactory. We were mutually pleased with each other, and it only remained for me to go and view the premises and settle all minor matters.

The trip by railway was delightful; the country was never more inviting. The place, although I had never seen it before, had all the fascination of old association. Years before, a dear, old friend of mine was in the habit of visiting it, and sending me glowing descriptions of its marvelous beauty. I was also charmed with the pretty and commodious academy, and altogether pleased with my opening prospects. The Principal with whom I was to become associate was a Scotchman of the bachelor persuasion, yet gentlemanly and refined withal. I doubted not we should become very agreeable companions.

The boarding-place, already selected for me, I did not like as well. My landlady elect was an old maid of the most decided stamp; sharp nose, thin hair, and gaunt figure. She informed me, confidentially, that she only took a few genteel boarders, and charged city prices, on account of superior accommodations.

Before ratifying the bargain, I requested her to show me the room I should occupy. The stairs, which we ascended, were narrow, and the space between joists so very small that ere I was aware my towering head was suddenly checked in its upward progress by painful contact with the ceiling above.

"This will be your apartment," said my amiable (?) guide, pushing open the door of a coop under the roof, the floor of which may have been twelve by eight and the greatest height thereof seven feet. A rickety bedstead adorned one corner, a rag-carpet embellished the floor, and a single window illuminated the whole. No closet was connected therewith, not even a wardrobe, but some nails on one side, indicated the place where dresses were to be hung. "Perhaps I ought to say," said she, with an attempt at fair dealing, for which I shall ever honor her memory, "perhaps I ought to warn you that I shall probably find it necessary to bring in a lounge on which I shall sleep myself."

"O, certainly," I politely acquiesced; for how could I find it in my heart to refuse to divide with so fair a sleeper the small quantity of oxygen allotted me for respiration? I mentally resolved, however—malice aforethought—that I would snore so loudly, and talk in my dreams so incessantly, that she would soon find it more agreeable to her bodily comfort to betake herself and lounge to more quiet quarters.

Returning to the city, I made my arrangements, not without considerable expense, to enter upon my new duties and responsibilities the following week. After informing my "dear five hundred frends" of my purposes and plans, imagine my surprise and mortification at receiving a very formal note stating that, for reasons wholly unexplained, it was "desirable the proposed arrangement be indefinitely postponed!"

I then resolved to advertise; and in order to expedite matters I did so in each of the principal dailies. Nearly a week passed and no answer came. "O what can match the sickness of suspense?" I resolved to go to the office only once more; this should be the last time.

On presenting my card, I was gratified with the sight of six letters. There is hope for me yet, I thought. "Othello's occupation" is not forever "gone."

The first envelope which I tore open contained, alas! only one of the flaming circulars of the Anti-C. S. A! With extreme indignation I consigned that to the flames. Of the half-dozen letters only three seemed to promise anything worth attention. One of these stated that the writer had four daughters for whom a visiting governess was desired. Would I please call at No. — —— Avenue, Brooklyn. Going there occupied the best part of the forenoon. The house was an elegant one and the lady descended in great style, in a richly embroidered morning robe of crimson silk. On learning my errand she deemed it more appropriate, for some inexplicable reason, to converse with me in the ante-room, whither she immediately led the way. A dish of almonds stood on a side-table. Beside this she seated herself in a very luxurious manner, carelessly partaking of the fruit while examining me. Her four daughters were from twelve to eighteen years of age. She was anxious to secure a superior teacher in French, and the higher mathematics. She was especially particular about the former. Would I give a few sentences in that "fashionable language" that she might judge somewhat as to my capability of instructing?

In pure mischief, I repeated a silly little ditty, that I learned when a child, beginning:

Je crois Jeaneton,
Je crois que oui, etc.

The lady expressed herself as entirely satisfied with the performance, and I ventured to ask what salary she proposed to pay.

"As we should require your services only four or five hours per day, we deem ten dollars per month a sufficient compensation."

"Ten dollars per month, madam! Allow me to ask what are the wages of your cook?"

"The same," she replied.

"And your cook does not have to pay her board out of her wages, I suppose?"

"Certainly not, Miss! do you mean to insult me in my own house?"

"Oh, no!" I calmly responded; "I only wish to ascertain the comparative pecuniary profit of the two professions."

Moral! Henceforth, fond, wealthy parents when you would provide against the viscissitudes of fortune, and prepare your sweet, young daughters to support themselves, seek not to do so by the advantages of a liberal education, but send them to learn in the culinary department of your own sumptuous establishment.

A half hour's walk further on was the residence of another correspondent. Thither I took my weary way.

Mrs. Parsons was out, but would be in at half-past five o'clock. I requested the servant to say to her mistress I would call at that hour. As I walked toward the ferry it occurred to me I might save expense and time by waiting in the Athenæum Library. From one till half past five was a long time to wait; but with plenty of interesting books to read, one need never be very miserable. Some minutes before half-past five I was at Mrs. Parsons' door. The lady had been home meantime and gone again, the servant said. She would surely be back very soon; would I not sit until she came?

"Yes."

The clock struck six. She had not yet made her appearance, and I took my departure promising to return next day. From South Brooklyn to Thirty-second street, New York, the ride was long, and at that late hour, tired and more than half-discouraged as I was, it seemed dreadfully tedious. When I arrived at my boarding-place every vestige of the evening meal had disappeared, and I went supperless to bed.

The third communication that I had considered hopeful was in a masculine hand of superior beauty. The envelope contained, moreover, a printed circular setting forth the advantages of acquiring an education in Viewforth Institute. Surely, I thought, in a school of such magnificent pretensions, one may reasonably expect to find a position worth having. Thinking thus, the next morning I set forth. An hour's ride brought me to the boat. Another hour and we were at —— landing on —— Island. From thence I took the cars, and in forty minutes more the conductor called out, "Bettydale Station."

I asked the depot-master if he would have the goodness to direct me to "Viewforth Institute." He only stared! I produced the circular, my ideas about the famous Institution, to which I was bound, somewhat modified. Another man was called up, and, together, they concluded, "must be that new school that's just begun out in the white house."

"How far away may that same 'white house' be?" I asked, gazing anxiously at the clouds that every moment threatened rain.

"Only about a mile, Miss. First you turn to the left, then to the right, then you go straight ahead."

"'Tis the largest house on the road," added the other man, "you can't miss it."

With this information I resumed my journey. The way could have been none of the pleasantest at any time, and now, with the portentous darkness, and soft, fine dust that was like a bed of ashes, filling my shoes and blinding my eyes, it was horrible.

"You have just arrived in time," was the Rev. Mr. Spunket's cordial salutation, as a mo-

ment after my advent the rain came dashing against the windows.

"We are quite alone here, as yet," he remarked, in answer to my inquiry as to the number of his family, "only my cousin, my housekeeper, and myself."

"You have no wife, then?" I asked in some surprise.

"O! no," replied the young reverend, blushing perceptibly. Think of a handsome, single gentleman setting up a boarding-school for young ladies! W hat presumption!

"I must confess," said Mr. Spunket, "our school is quite in prospective, and, for the present, I find myselt unable to offer you any other recompense than a comfortable home."

Why couldn't you have said so in your letter? I felt like reproachfully asking.

When the shower was over I arose to go.

"Will you not stay to dinner?" he kindly asked. "We dine at five."

"No, thank you," I said, remembering my engagement for half-past five. I was half inclined, however, to tell him of my fast since breakfast, and to suggest if he had any cold pieces on hand they would be gratefully accepted, but pride forbade that, and tired, hungry and disheartened I came away.

My third call at Mrs. Parsons was no more successful than the others had been, except that I found that lady at home. She offered me three dollars a week for teaching in her private school. Good board she said could be obtained, in the vicinity, for three and a-half or four!

One of my letters that I had not thought worth noticing, save as a curiosity, was to this effect: "If you happen to be one of those pious people, more bent on doing good than on getting money—more desirous of 'laying up treasure where moth and rust do not corrupt,' than in accumulating the dross that perishes with the using, address a note to 'Dr. M.,' corner of Fifth avenue and —— street."

As a last resort I sent the note, begging the "doctor" if he had any employment to give me to call.

Two days afterwards a splendid carriage, drawn by a pair of spanking bays, and driven by a colored coachman in livery, stopped at the door. I could hardly believe the girl when she said this heavy style call was for me.

In the parlor I found a portly gentleman in exquisite broadcloth, sporting a gold-headed cane, golden eye-glasses, and the heaviest of fob-chains. This was the "Dr." With him was a middle-aged lady with one of the sweetest faces I ever saw. Her dress was the richest black, a sort of graceful compromise between that of the cloistered nun and the fashionable widow. This person the doctor introduced as the matron of —— Hospital, the eleemosynary establishment of which he was head.

They wished me to come as assistant, a kind of upper nurse, for the love of Heaven and humanity, the doctor said. I wondered if this was the wages that purchased the elegancies in which they appeared.

One day the following notice met my eye: "Wanted—at No. —— Madison square, a young lady of prepossessing appearance as first assistant in a school where elocution is taught and stammering cured."

My deficient self-esteem made a bugbear of the word "prepossessing;" nevertheless, I concluded to go and test the truth of lovers' tales. The advertiser received me very kindly, but said he had no time just then to attend to the matter. Where could he see me that evening? I gave him my name and number.

He called early and staid till eleven o'clock. He talked of everything save of the business which brought him there. He told me of his past, his present, and probable future, of his church connections, and of his distinguished military relative who bore his name. At odd spells he "still questioned me the story of my life." At last, when I suggested it was getting late, he took his leave of me, saying as he went, it would not be proper at so early a stage of our acquaintance to make a direct proposition. Another interview at least, he said, would be necessary.

What to make of the man I could not tell if he were not crazy. However, a short time afterwards I received a letter explaining all. He had taken this prosaic means of finding—what do you think—a wife! Would I honor him by sharing his life and the emoluments accruing from a school where elocution was taught and stammering cured? "What answer?"

"No!" with many thanks for the high distinction, and many regrets, etc., etc.

A vacancy occurred in Madam H.'s school. I applied at once. Without deigning to look at my credentials she pronounced me "entirely too young." Too young! I have been out of my teens so long—I dare not tell how long. I honestly thought myself old enough for any position or relation but that of grandmother.

A few days aftewards I observed this: "Wanted a resident governess at a salary of one hundred dollars. No teaching required. I called. A fine looking, elderly French lady presented herself and explained to me the duties and requirements of the place. The governess was to take charge of the young ladies, attend them everywhere, see their rooms and clothes were always in proper order, and then employ the remaining time in doing family sewing.

I had grown desperate, and resolved to secure the situation if possible. With this intention I gave the lady my letters of recommendation.

"Why, my dear child," she exclaimed, "this is no place for you. You could command a much higher position. No, no! I could never think of subjecting you to such servitude. Give me your address, and when I want a teacher I will send for you."

With tearful eyes I blessed her for her kind words of sympathy and encouragement.

I thank God there are some Christian hearts left in this world; and that even in search of a school one does not always meet with selfishness and insults.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS.

O, what a positive and reasoning age is this of ours! We see through everything, and rip our dolls all to pieces just to prove that they are stuffed with sawdust. And how gallantly Don Quixote de la Minnesota rode up last winter and swept away, with one desolating wave of his mailed hand, "the last vestige of the barbarous fiction of the English common law, that the husband and wife are one!" And now we all see what a monstrous fiction it was that the English Archimago had made for us. Why could we not have recognized before the very evident fact that they are two? It was as plain as the nose on your face. The woman has one object and the man has another. They love each other yet, of course, but in a mild, perhaps a "sadly-wise," sort of way, which has a dash of political economy in it, and looks with wise eyes to see that each does not cheat the other. Away with it all! Let us disintegrate and mobilize! Thus only can the individual be saved.—*World.*

Well, dear Manton, if you do not wish to be an individual, and if men in general object to it, we will return to the old common law, and say: "the husband and wife are one, and that one *the wife!*"

And now there comes up from the women a cry of violence; they are about to take us, as the Kingdom of Heaven is to be taken, by force. May Heaven assoilzie ye, gentle ladies, for your assault contemplated against the gates of the capital. Are ye to come like a thief in the night and present your monster petition to us when we are o'erwearied with the heat of summer? It is unfair. The mental as well as the physical muscles of our representatives at Washington will be relaxed, and what will they have to oppose to those who, like ye, come against them *vi et armis?* Wait till the cool weather comes, and then we can answer your arguments, not with answering smiles and kisses, but with good, sound, Anglo-Saxon sense. Wait for the weather, and delay till the airs become more balmy. At present, we could be wasted away by a June zephyr and buried under a rose-leaf. Wait.—*World.*

Fear not, we do not intend to petition you, until the cool days of December, when Congress reassembles. We shall spend the hot months tormenting the women to wake up and assert themselves, at least so far as to write their names on a piece of paper. Circulate the petition! We shall wait on the tiptoe of expectation for "the good, sound, Anglo-Saxon sense" Mr. Marble promises us on this question. We have had so much twaddle from beardless youths, that arguments from full-grown men will be most gratefully received and answered.

If we are to be utterly defeated in our "coming campaign," we call on some of the veteran journals to do the deed, that it may not be said a boy hath slain Woman's Suffrage. We feel in this matter just as Abimelech of old did when he received his death blow from *a woman.* (See Judges 9: 54.)

ANNA DICKINSON pitches into the *Tribune* vigorously in this week's REVOLUTION. Anna talks, however, better than she writes.—*World.*

She does either better than any boy of the period.

OUR Woman's Rights friends are not likely to be much discouraged by their rebuff recently in the Massachusetts Senate. They have thrived on worse defeats than that, and we shall presently hear, no doubt, that a vote of twenty-two against Woman Suffrage to nine for it, is a substantial triumph.—*Tribune.*

Indeed it is a triumph to find nine men in any legislature in this country brave enough to face our republican theory of government, and wise enough to carry its principles to their logical results. How like whipped spaniels the cowardly twenty-two will look, when the women of Massachusetts are enfranchised without their help, and they need *their* votes to be returned to their places. The day of reckoning is close at hand in the old Bay State.

ELDER CUMMINGS (Shaker) said at a Convention of his sect in Boston last week, that when "women were allowed to vote, war would cease." How Elder Cummings knows this, we are not informed; but we must say that his dictum strikes us as any one of those loose generalities of which, in the discussion of this question, we have had too many already. As a rule, we suspect that women are more combative than men. This feeling has been modified by social and political arrangements into a passion for interminable debate and circular argumentation; but when women take an equal part in the practical management of public affairs, what proof is there that they will be less ready than men to invoke the dire ordeal of battle? As for Elder Cummings, we do not consider him to be authority at all; for he thinks that nobody should be married, and that no more children should be born into the world. We are willing to admit, if the faith of Elder Cummings should be universally accepted, and Hymen with inverted torch should flee from this purified land, and nurseries should be vacant, and the dear babies disappear altogether, that women would have a plenty of time to attend the caucus, to vote, to go to Congress, and even to lead armies. These controversies would be

soon ended, if we could only put maternity out of the question.—*Tribune.*

The Elder and W. R. agree on one point, that it is not wise to marry or replenish the earth. Hence they must be equally good authority on the whole question of woman's destiny.

Pray, do not be troubled, gentlemen, about the babies. We shall settle the whole marriage and maternity question more in harmony with the best interests of the race and woman's happiness, than man has heretofore.

There are far too many babies in the world to-day, nervous, sickly, mumping, puling things, with crooked backs, ill-shaped heads, deaf, dumb, blind, idiotic, bones and teeth like chalk, morally and physically weak and morbid. The world is none the better for this wholesale propagation of sin and misery.

Now, if our dear Adams are as much concerned about this baby question as they seem to be, let them set to work and purify themselves, body and soul! Stop drinking the vile trash called wine, stop smoking and chewing, and leading dissipated, excited, idle lives, and make themselves worthy to be the fathers of children. A man that cannot hand down a sound mind in a sound body, has no right to assume an office so holy and responsible. Women have been befooled long enough, dandling idiots, criminals, lunatics and paupers through weary days and nights, and imagining they did God service, by filling the world with such as these.

The work of the Woman's Educational Association is an earnest showing of the best that woman can do, and the good that may be done for her. The resolutions passed by the association impress us as more eloquent and practical, if a little less sublime, than those which have been read on bolder platforms. They insist that it is necessary for young women not otherwise provided for, to be trained to self-help and taught domestic economy, the social fault being a want of variety, adaptability and right remuneration in their employments. This is common sense, and it expresses a phase of Woman's Rights, to be helped, and to help herself, which we commend with our whole heart. Whatever may be thought of other movements seeking the amelioration of Woman's condition, this at least is one on which all can unite, and to which all will wish God-speed.—*Tribune.*

Miss Beecher needs more than our "God-speed." She wants money. She has been laboring twenty years to establish these schools all over the country, but has been unable to raise the money to do it, though in the meantime many rich women have died and left large bequests to institutions for boys. We are glad, good *Tribune*, you like the idea, the plan of operations and the resolutions, and that you are ready to go into it with your whole heart. Now let your purse go with your heart and ask all the brethren to do the same, and Miss Beecher will speedily realize her day-dreams of the last twenty years.

By keeping up the rub-a-dub on the Suffrage question, we offer ourselves up as a living sacrifice for crotchety men to sneer, laugh and mock at, so that all other female projects seem feasible and reasonable. Thus, by some of us claiming the uttermost, our rulers will be keyed up to doing something.

We are sorry that Dr. Mary Walker has again pressed her claims for a position under the government, and has again been refused. We cannot doubt that so much energy in the pursuit of office fails to secure it mainly because of her own peculiarities (not to say faults), and it seems sure that she will continue to fail. But we cannot find it in our heart to join in the general ridicule she excites. We do not forget that, acting a man's part with a woman's ability, she did, during the war, render the state some service.—*Tribune.*

We fully sympathise with this kind word for Mary Walker. She is a young woman, who has had a life of great and varied sorrows and trials, and if her good judgment is slightly impaired, she is a woman whose words are ever for mercy and justice. She did a good work during the war, and lay four long months in Libby Prison. All this, added to poverty, isolation, an unfortunate marriage and a very delicate, sensitive organization, may easily account for her idiosyncracies. She deserves our love and pity, rather than scorn and contempt. As to her dress, it is far more modest, convenient, and becoming, than the fashionable costume we are now imitating from the courtesans of Paris.

Anna Dickinson says that she expects to vote within five years, and that within ten years she will be a Member of Congress. But Anna must remember that when she votes the mass of women who vote with her will be precisely those who have no idea of acknowledging her as their representative. Some queen of drabs will get the votes of ten women where she will get the vote of but one. So her chances of going to Congress will be very slim indeed, even in the very improbable event of Suffrage being accorded women within the period she names. Ignorant Bridget will go the polls without hesitation, but the cultivated Belinda will stay at home, invariably—precisely as her husband does now, about half the time.—*Rochester Chronicle.*

The dear men are so much troubled lest they should be obliged to affiliate with working women atthe polls, we would suggest that they could avoid the difficulty by extending Suffrage to women just as they did to men in many states on a property and educational qualification. For as we prefer Bridget to Patrick. Dinah to Sambo, and universal suffrage to class legislation, Anna shall go to Congress, and the Bridgets and Belindas will go the polls in joyful procession to vote for her.

The Revolution shall be her organ, while Susan and Sarah, Lucy and Lucretia, Elizabeth and Eleanor will sing Anna's praises in the ears of Penn's sons and daughters from the rising to the setting sun through the last days of October, 1872.

It is a pity some of our female reformers could not have flourished in the time and realm of King Theodore of Abyssinia. Rassam's book relates the story of a dozen European shirts presented to his Majesty, who, on the first occasion of wearing one, lost all the studs. Thereafter, whenever the King put on a shirt he had to send for a tailor to sew it up in front; and when he took it off the same functionary had to be summoned to take out the stitches. No woman in Abyssinia was allowed to sew or do laundry work. This was among the duties of the sterner sex; while spinning and carrying wood and water were tasks assigned to the women of the household. However, this might not have been altogether as the Revolution-ists and *Agitators* of our day would like it; for after all, the fighting was left to the men, and as for the voting, the wily Theodore did pretty much the whole of that himself.—*N. Y. Times.*

Yes, it is a pity. If Susan had been there, she would have taught Theodore to fasten his garment in the orthodox manner. Of course these men, having no invention, did not see any way but to sew poor Theodore up every morning.

Carrying wood and water in the open air, listening to the birds sing as they walked through meadows and forests, was far more pleasant to the Abyssinian women than being for ever in close rooms, washing and mending dirty clothes, and buttoning men's shirt-bosoms. As to the voting, there was some consideration in Theodore doing the whole of it, for the women were there the political equals of the men by their side. An aristocracy of blood and family is less degrading to woman than one of sex.

The New York *World* says, speaking of the Woman's paper, The Revolution, that as it is published in New York, it should endeavor to conform in all respects to the tone and sentiments of the people there. To which we would remark, that if The Revolution wishes to circulate among decent people, it will do nothing of the kind.—*Philadelphia Post.*

The philosophical Mr. Marble must see the difficulty in which he would involve us. If we had ever proposed "to conform in all respects to the tone and sentiments of the people there," or anywhere, there would have been no need of The Revolution. We have papers and politicians enough trying to do that already. Moreover, so long as communities differ, it would be a vain effort to please everybody. So we have chosen to please ourselves in what we say and do, and in so doing have unintentionally pleased a great many other people.

Every advancing step taken by women disturbs the minds of large classes of men. At every fresh innovation they think that the basis of society is sliding from under them, and that we shall all fall through. The present fear appears to be that if women are allowed to vote at elections, no one will be found to discharge the duties of wives and mothers; but we see no reason why the exercise of the elective franchise should interfere with womanly duties any more than it does with men's being good husbands and fathers. As an element of education, we think it would be very valuable; for any attention to important subjects, any increase of responsibility is favorable to growth of character, whether in men or women. Asiatic men verily believe that chaos would come if women were allowed to go abroad with uncovered faces; but the experiment has long been tried in Europe and America without producing any alarming results. It was thought, old times, that public speaking would be fatal to the usefulness and modesty of women, but the Quakers long ago settled that question. Their women have always been as free to preach as their men; and are pre-eminent for their personal modesty and household thrift.—*Boston Investigator.*

One grain of common sense like this, in the bushels of chaff we glean from our exchanges, is truly refreshing. Men talk of logic and reason as manly possessions not vouchsafed to women, but in the long discussion they have kept up on this question, it is the rarest thing to find either in what they have said or written.

THE EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of the Boston Commonwealth:

Will you allow a subscriber to say a few words in reply to what he conceives to be a misrepresentation of the *animus* of the late meeting of the Equal Rights Association of this city, by your New York correspondent? It is a matter of history that, while that association recognizes the equality of the black man with the whites, it was formed expressly to urge the claim of woman to Equal Rights with man. It was largely composed of members of the old Anti-Slavery Society, who, finding the platform of that organization devoted primarily to presenting the demands of the negro, sought another and a broader one where woman's equally just and imperative claims should be heard. To say that the society has no longer any claim to the name of "Equal Rights," is to grossly misrepresent the feelings and sentiments of every one, I believe, who stood upon its platform last week. Both Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton, in the hearing of the writer, reiterated their well-known belief in the black man's right to vote, but based it, not upon his color, nor his manhood, but upon the radical foundation of *humanity*, and claimed for every *woman* the immediate recognition of *her* rights upon the same broad ground. In opposing the Fifteenth Amendment they simply repeated the uncompromising attitude *formerly* assumed by the American Anti-Slavery Society. When Frederick Douglass, advocating the election of Fremont, said, "half a loaf is better than no bread," no one was more vehement in his denunciation of his compromising position than Phillips, Foster and Burleigh.

It seems to me that nothing can be more unjust than for these men and their sympathizers to denounce the noble women of THE REVOLUTION and their co-laborers for rejecting the half-loaf of manhood suffrage, and claiming the *whole loaf* of citizen suffrage, without distinction of sex. Foster and his sympathizers hold relatively to-day the position of the republican party in '56, while Miss Anthony and her followers, rejecting all compromise urged on her by the specious pretext of partial immediate success, are the real Garrisonians, demanding immediate justice for all.

The cry of "copperhead" and the accusation of Mr. Foster that Miss Anthony had been guilty of missappropriating funds entrusted to her care, remind one forcibly of the early onslaughts on Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips, and THE REVOLUTION now reaps the measure of curses formerly launched against the *Liberator*. To hold Miss Anthony responsible for the idiosyncracies of Mr. Train is no less unjust than it was to berate Mr. Garrison for the vagaries of Foster and Heywood. Though totally disagreeing with Mr. Train on many vital questions, the writer, who was born an abolitionist, can see in him many things that his ignorant traducers would do well to copy.

The question of Woman's Rights and Woman Suffrage is the vital question of the day. With President, Congress, a large majority of the people, and the moral sentiment of the world, on the side of the negro, his rights are secure. The battle for woman has yet to be fought and won. THE REVOLUTION and its supporters need no defense. They are abundantly able to fight their own battles. But it seems to me unjust that your readers, many of whom do not see that paper, should be misled by the remarks of your correspondent. The meetings of the Equal Rights Association in point of numbers, interest and talented speakers, stood head and shoulders above any other meetings this year. No one who listened to their speakers can doubt their ultimate and speedy success.

Welcome the day which shall place Susan B. Anthony by the side of William Lloyd Garrison, kindred triumphant spirits in noble kindred reforms! LEWIS G. JANES.

While reformers on all sides are denouncing our position as narrow, we are glad that such men as Lewis G. Janes and John Stuart Mill see that our position is based on principle.—*Ed.*

PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS ON THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT.

PROVIDENCE, June 7.

MY DEAR MRS. STANTON: Nothing but the great crisis pending in our movement would have drawn me from my retirement again into public strife and turmoil, but I feel it a duty to enter my protest with yours against the Fifteenth Amendment. Last Winter, in Boston, I could only give my vote against it, for no Sixteenth had been proposed. It seemed almost a childish, selfish thing to do, when all the eloquence of a Boston platform was arrayed on the other side, and other women rose and said they were ready to step aside and let the colored man have his rights first. Not one said we will step aside and let the negro woman (whom I affirm, as I ever have, is better fitted for self-government than the negro man) have her rights before we press our claim, I could not but think it an easy thing for them to do, never having had the right they demanded. But if they truly believe that it will do for humanity what is claimed for it, I do not see why it should be called magnanimous for a woman to say, I yield to man just what he has always asserted as his, the right to rule. You have taken a bold stand, and I thank God for it. Though still in the minority, there is hope; for with a radical truth one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight; and ere very long, before another convention, I trust many more will see with us that the Fifteenth Amendment, without the Sixteenth, is a compromise worse by far for the nation than any other ever passed. They could be repealed, *this can not*. Once settled, the waves of corruption will swamp our little bark freighted with all humanity, the women of all shades of color, and subject to every variety of tyranny and oppression, from the cramped feet of the Chinese to the cramped brains and waists of our own higher order of civilization.

It seems specially strange to those of us who so well remember the motto of the old abolitionists, "Immediate and unconditional emancipation," now to hear a half measure advocated. It was that stern principle of justice which attracted and held me in the old organization when those dearest to me went into the Liberty party. I had been trained in that orthodox school which taught children that they must do right for rights' sake, without hope of reward or fear of punishment, leaving the consequences with the All wise Ruler of events. Among the early abolitionists this uncompromising spirit was manifest, and to me it was the real gospel.

I remember well the strong opposition to some who advocated the election of John C. Fremont in 1856, among whom was Frederick Douglass. He was then denounced as a compromiser asking for a half loaf. He still asks for the half loaf; but others who stood firmly then for the *whole* have now come down to his plane, and desire above all things to finish up the anti-slavery work and have the negro man out of the way, and so give the Sixteenth Amendment the go-by, claiming manhood suffrage now because it is the order of nature that man, however ignorant, debased and brutal he may be, he shall always be first, because he always has been, yielding the whole argument to physical force, leaving the negro woman wholly out of the question, giving her over to the tyranny of the husband, which is nearly, if not quite, equal to that of the master. The anti-slavery platform still carefully guards itself against the woman question, while on the Suffrage platform the Fifteenth Amendment is considered essential. Miss Couzins was the only one who put the two amendments fairly before the Convention in Boston. After presenting the issues of the two amendments she trenched lightly on another topic still more offensive. She plead for the outcast woman in a most womanly way, but it did not prove to be a popular theme; but I think she is too true, pure and noble not to do the same again and again.

Last evening Miss Peckham, Mrs. Churchill and Miss Couzins presented the Suffrage question to a select audience in Providence. Each in her own way and from her own stand-point spoke well. I have not time to give you as elaborate a notice as I should like to of each, but will do so after the convention which the State Association propose holding next week, on Monday the 14th, in Westerly, R. I. If you have helps to send us we shall welcome them cordially.

Yours ever truly, P. W. DAVIS.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, June 11th.

DEAR MRS. STANTON: The final triumph of the republican party in this district was realized on Monday last, when every man on their ticket was elected. The Negro's *hour* came on that day also. This is the third year of his voting, and in each of the seven wards of the city a black man is elected to office. He now holds two of the most important places in the city government, and has fair representation. The third, or citizens' party (conservative republicans and radical democrats) killed the old line democrats, and the "unterrified" accepted death and the grave as a logical sequence of the hour. Jolly Irishmen are engaging their priests to preach them funeral sermons and preparing their own requiem, which, like those of their illustrious predecessors, by consent of all the people, consign them to rest. Thus we see how truth triumphs over error, and freedom over slavery. Let oppressed woman take courage. One more battle must be fought on the same line, regardless of time.

Our forces are scattered. Can we accomplish a victory without organization? This is to me a question.

The result of three years voting by the black man has settled more questions in this District and for the country, than the learned lore of a hundred years. Republicanism is nearer being realized than ever before, and the victory, just achieved, giving the black man the ballot, and the right to hold office, closes the argument in favor of republican government. How full of benefit to the poorest and lowest! Now he may, unmolested, pursue his own true happiness, and at the same time build up industry, trade, commerce, and a higher civilization. The men chosen to office in the late election are of the *best* of the colored men, and this will be the case in all the states. In our race this is not generally so. So we may, after all, realize an immeasurable good from engrafting new elements into the old dead policy of the past.

When women can choose from their ranks the best of womanhood, and they be elected, who cannot see the wonderful impulse that must be given, even greater as it is purer and more spiritual than that we now rejoice to see in victory.

After all, there is *order* in progress, making the "last (spiritual) first," and the "first (animal) last." So it must be, in logic and in providence. J. S. G.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

BY AN ENGLISH REVOLUTIONIST.

ROTTEN ROW.—Although up to this period of the season the people who ride or drive in the Row have not been distracted by any specially sensational ponies under the direction of anonymous ladies, questionable broughams and horse-breakers have even thus early appeared in Hyde Park in excess of the number with which the assemblage is usually enlivened. But it is not so much of this circumstance, however, that we now write. In itself it is bad enough, but it is difficult to see how such people could be kept out of the parks. There is a significance, however, in another social aspect of the matter which is more important. Until very recently there was no such thing as a *demi-monde* in London, using the term in its imperfect meaning, as understood here. The wretched women went down rapidly from one stage to another without being encouraged or systematised sufficiently to form a regular set—having establishments and holding receptions such as distinguish a corresponding class in Paris. But within a very brief period—not much more than a year, perhaps—there has

been a change among us. Previous to that time, indeed, moralists in the press complained of the frank terms which young men of fashion held with such women in places of public resort. This familiarity is now so much on the increase (as anyone who watches what goes on in the Ladies' Mile can perceive) that it calls for some remonstrance. Formerly Aspasia and her associates were passed with a nod, or only spoken to by men who were indifferent to notice because they were themselves unknown, or, at any rate, if they recognised such women they were cautious where it was done. At present the yellow chignoned denizens of St. John's Wood and Pimlico draw up their carriages or horses close to the rails, and are chatted with as candidly as if they had come from some dovecot in the country watched over by a virtuous mother. The audacity of these *reunions* is unprecedented. A notion seems to prevail that the loose women of our own day are undistinguishable from the women of virtue. The superstition is preposterous. In the park, at least, there is no difficulty in distinguishing the carriage that anybody may pay for or in guessing the occupation of the dashing *equestrienne* who salutes half-a-dozen men at once with her whip, or with a wink, and who sometimes varies the monotony of a safe seat by holding her hands behind her back while gracefully swerving over to listen to the compliments of a walking admirer. Of course the men who talk with these women of the highway are perfectly aware what they are about, and a London lady tempered in the atmosphere of one or two seasons learns discretion enough not to ask revelant questions when she meets in a ballroom the same gentleman she has observed *tete-a-tete* with Aspasia in the Row. If things go on, however, as they seem likely to, this sort of reserve will be tested with unusual severity in the months of May and June. The manner in which what again, for want of a more convenient phrase, we must call the *demi-monde* class has been freshly developed among us is not unknown. There are certain perfumers shops at the West-end notorious for enterprises not immediately connected with bloom for the lips and glitter for the eyes. It was from one of these establishments that a well-known photograph and its original were, so to speak, floated. Here loungers turn in and are invited to balls, for which cards are given them. Thence spring intimacies of which we say no more than that the acknowledgment of them should be suspended before virtuous women in the Park. The ladies have a remedy in their hands which they deliberately abandon when they pretend blindness to what is as obvious as the Duke's statue at the Corner. And, of course, if they choose to encourage the open and flagrant disrespect to which they are treated there is no help for them.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

> Break, break, break,
> On thy cold gray stones, O sea,
> And I would that my tongue could utter
> The thoughts that arise in me!
>
> —TENNYSON.

These words of Tennyson occur to me as feeling crowding on feeling, in gushing tumultuousness, seeks to resolve itself into thought. Something is lost in the transition; feeling bubbles up from the fresh, untainted fountain of nature; thought is the experience-carved reservoir where it is caught to be crystalized into words. There are some subjects which can be justly handled only by the few men who bring the results of a life labor to bear in their treatment of them—there are others, and this is one, in which the first young impulse, the first utterance of natural feeling, unfettered and uncolored by judgment, by prejudice, by education, by the aggregate of all these, combined under the term "the world," is worth more than the condensed wisdom of the ages; and the deep and subtle thinkers, the practiced philosophers, the artist whose medium is Humanity, would do well to pause for a moment and listen to the still small voice of Instinct. Here, where each one's testimony is valuable, I hope not to be deemed presumptuous in bearing mine. An isolated unit of society, far removed alike from its temptations which dazzle, and its noise and hurry which deafen and bewilder, the motley crowd passes before me presenting many aspects, while every now and then some slight convulsion, some interruption to the usual onward flow of the great stream reveals something of its *inner* life, and shows that the mass is but a human monster, with like tastes and appetites to the individual men and women one may happen to know. A succession of pictures representing the chief incidents of a man's life would be a tolerably safe index to that man's character. Here is one of society's pictures: Hyde Park—filled with men and women—one set of whom, according to *avowed* opinion, sunk to the lowest depths of vice and wickedness. "What part do these play in the scene?" the unsophisticated might ask. "Are they there as a terrible warning? Do they wear the livery of mourning which, like widow's crape, speaks to all beholders saying, "Deal gently with us, for the burden of sorrow and affliction presses heavily upon us?" Are they working out some penitential vow in thus presenting themselves, in their degradation, to the public gaze?" "No," the initiated must reply, "Theirs is the robe of gladness—men of rank and men of talent, men of world-wide fame do homage at their shrines, treat them with the deference and attention they fail to bestow on the purity and virtue of the wives whose lives are devoted to them and their children, and who patiently watch and wait for the returning footsteps of the infatuated worshippers." What is the inevitable result? Will women remain as they are while men are hurrying to ruin? Assuredly not. If virtue, the ideal virtue which is in every woman's heart, were to spring into actual being and stand forth as accuser and judge, and challenge the sex to submit to the test of a comparison, what woman could bear it?

I ask men how many of them dare, could the thing be done, lay their conduct open to be tried by the standard of average womanly virtue? Is not this terrible? Can it be true that the most holy, the most sacred of all sacred feelings is thus daily violated? thus daily abused and trampled underfoot, until the bright original is forgotten, and men and women learn to look on the mutilation as the only reality—the other a creation of a sentimental dream? It is no sentimental dream. Each young heart knows too well the agony the first blow struck at its most precious jewel costs, until it, like the rest of its fellows, grows callous. Are such men and women the subjects for the true marriage? Is marriage possible to such? To those who think that marriage is a legalized mode of peopling the state, Yes. But to those who believe in the union of soul—the blending of the music of two lives into one complete chord of perfect harmony, as they "together on the skirts of time sit sowing the 'whe'"—shedding around each other, like that subtle and mystic charm of complementary colors, a new beauty—to learn in marriage the first lesson in that entire *self*-abandonment which is to end in the merging of individuality in the great soul of the universe, who shall contain all "as the sea her waves." Again Tennyson's words pass through my mind. "I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me" on the subject of marriage. Could I paint, as I can feel, the sanctity of marriage, desecration would be impossible. Happily it is of little consequence. I have only to hint at my own feelings to call those of my sisters into play. Let us then set ourselves steadily and determinedly against everything that tends, even in the smallest degree, to lessen the fitness of men and women for the true marriage—that tends to lessen their ideal of marriage. Here our enemies are many and various. I will, however, deal only with the one which is the subject of my letter—the Social Evil. How is this abomination to be swept from the face of the earth? Can it be done, and by whom? It can be done and it ought to be done by the chief cause of the evil—women. We hear much in your paper about the abused sex. I have a word to say about the abused sex, too, only that I apply this term to the men, and I think I can prove the justice of it.

I believe that, until very lately, there has been no question as to a radical difference between men and women—and man is often spoken of as though he was a sort of pandemonium in which the passions run riot. We will grant that he is this—that he is almost pure animal, with no moral ability—no power of holding them in check. In order of time woman comes first—man second. She has the care of him in his early years. What use does she make of this advantage? Does she teach him that he is endowed with dangerous gifts that may lead him into parts not good for his soul's health? Does she teach him that he has the happiness or misery of one-half the world hanging on the balance which he holds? Does she point out that reason is to be his ruler and self-denial his constant habit? No—such things are taught to the girls—she teaches her boy that his pleasures, his needs are of primary consideration. Of the one great rock on which his wild, young manhood is almost sure to split, she leaves him entirely in the dark, shedding no ray of divine light by which he may see his way. He yields to the force of the first temptation that comes. No one checks him. His sisters walk with him through his haunts of pollution and pretend not to see! Hypocrites! They know too well what dirt their brother's life is wasted in raking up and they fail to point him upward to the angel and the crown above his head! He takes a wife. She pleases herself in pleasing him, without one thought of exercising that balancing and restraining influence which women have by right of their freedom from the appetites which lead men astray. Nature has planned that it shall be so, but women either yield themselves victims to the fire they are intended to quench, or stand aloof in proud superiority, raving out denunciation against their own handiwork. Here is a tremendous mountain of mischief to be undone, and the task is a delicate one. "Be ye harmless as doves" has been your direction from time immemorial. Let me recommend the wisdom of the serpent. Work quietly, noiselessly, and in secret; let none know the change is effected, how the tide of sin and sorrow is stemmed, and yours shall be the reward of the gentle rain and the ministering air, the fresh grass and the bright expanse of waving boughs.

To those who peruse the announcement of the Globe Gold and Silver Mining Co., in the present number, it is only necessary to say, that the successful development of this mine is due to J. Winchester, the "father of cheap literature in America," in days of yore editor of the *New World*, in this city, and rival of the Harper's in the cheap republications of Miss Brewer's, Siebig's, Dickens's, James's, Marryatt's, Bulwer's and other literature, varying from 6¼ to 25 cents for each issue. Though warmly endorsed by Gov. J. W. Geary, H. Greeley and others of that ilk, yet the success attained is the best exhibit of Mr. Winchester's management and Presidency of the Company's operations, as well as continued proof of the exhaustless riches of the mines of California. Office, 36 John street, New York. G.

The Revolution.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, PARKER PILLSBURY, } Editors.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, JUNE 17, 1869.

To Subscribers.—How to Send Money.—For large sums, checks on New York banks or bankers, made payable *to the order of* Susan B. Anthony.

POST-OFFICE MONEY ORDERS

may be obtained at nearly every county seat, in all the cities, and in many of the large towns. We consider them perfectly safe, and the best means of remitting fifty dollars or less, as *thousands have been sent to us without any loss.*

REGISTERED LETTERS,

under the new system, which went into effect June 1st, are a very safe means of sending small sums of money where P. O. Money Orders cannot be easily obtained. *Observe, the Registry fee,* as well as postage, *must be paid in stamps* at the office where the letter is mailed, or it will be liable to be sent to the Dead Letter Office. *Buy and affix the stamp both for postage and registry, put in the money and seal the letter in the presence of the postmaster, and take his receipt for it.* Letters sent in this way to us are at our risk.

Bound Volume.—The Revolution, Volume 2, handsomely bound, for sale at this office. Price $5.

After the first of July, at which time our fourth volume opens, our readers will please remember that the price of The Revolution is changed from two to three dollars per annum.

REV. HENRY EDGAR.

(*Continued.*)

What Voting Comes to.—We who have votes already know what the voting comes to, and care for our rights accordingly. Paper laws and paper constitutions and paper ballots are very pretty metaphysical playthings, but it is not they that really rule us. It is not they that create governments. It is King Lobby who does the real governing, and in his safe concealment and with total irresponsibility, pulls the wires. Now, if only Miss Anthony and Mrs. Stanton could but insure us that the voting of women will dethrone the Lobby. But I have heard and can well believe that women are already represented in the third estate of our American system, and in tolerably strong force. Only then I think it is another kind of woman that is destined to have the ultimate supremacy in this world of ours; else it would not be much of a heaven that would result.

You will never know what voting comes to until all vote. "Paper laws, paper constitutions, and paper ballots," represent the average public thought and opinion of a generation. Prophets and seers note the certain progress of the race on the horoscope of time, and as the multitude advance step by step, statesmen frame the higher thought into declarations, constitutions and statutes. The few always imagine themselves farther in advance of the many than they really are.

In the announcement of any great truth multitudes are startled to find their own secret thoughts revealed to the world, and a mighty army ready to march through the hidden paths, the leaders thought were known only to themselves. Our Declaration of Independence, which has been to us a living principle, slowly moulding our institutions on the basis of equality and rejoicing the heart of many a lonely exile in foreign lands, may be "a very pretty metaphysical plaything" to a few positive philosophers, but in the hands of the despots of the Old World it proves as startling as the sham snake in the box to the child the first time he sees it.

We have the right theory of government here, that all mankind are equal; not equally wise, strong, or good, but that their rights are equally sacred, and that laws should be framed for the highest happiness and development of all alike.

We are slowly coming to legislate on this idea, and when all good men and women exalt the state and study the science of government as they should, legislating for the highest political, religious, and social interest of 30,000,000 of people, making and moulding the institutions of a mighty continent, surely they can have no employment more exalted and dignified. When I think of what an age this is in which we live, what an inheritance is ours on this continent, of our responsible position among the nations of the earth, and of the dignity of an American citizen, I feel that there must be strength, virtue and wisdom enough in this people to end this dynasty of bribery and corruption, this narrow, selfish scramble for office, the tyranny of capital over labor, land monopoly, financial injustice, and all those abuses that make the rich richer, and the poor poorer.

But this cannot be done by degrading the office of law-maker, by sneering at the ballot and King Lobby, and warning good people to keep out of "the muddy pool of politics." If we leave all these momentous interests in the care and keeping of those incapable of grasping the grand idea of self-government, how can our republican experiment prove a success? As to the class of women who are represented in the lobbies, either at Washington or State Capitols, I have no knowledge of them whatever, having never been within that charmed circle, having never asked favors for myself or friends of any politicians or editors under this government. I have pleaded woman's cause in open court, and gained every decision in this state on the merits of the case.

No representative woman in this movement has ever been seen button-holeing lobby men or compromising principle by urging any measure except by an appeal to the reason and judgment of sober men. What kind of women could make a heaven for the Rev. Henry Edgar we do not know; but we do know that those who have led this movement for twenty years with their clear heads, generous hearts and unspotted lives, have made very comfortable homes on earth for a number of well fed, well clothed, well washed, moral, sensible, happy men.

Since it Must Come let it Come Quickly.—But since this voting of women really must come let it by all means come as soon as possible. It will anyway be an education—and that may perhaps be indispensable, although one certain to be rich in bitter fruits. It will be a great gain at all events that our modern woman will learn thus that she has public duties, aye, political duties as well as domestic duties. It will be a real gain that she will be thus forced to recognize that which she must otherwise be only too slow to learn, that the neglect of the public and political duties endangers the sacredness of that domestic sphere in which her influence is at once inestimable and exclusively beneficent. And incidentally this is a lesson which it will take but a very short period of actual voting to impress upon all those feminine minds that are best adapted to really lead and guide this sea, that there is one misfortune far deeper than the deprivation of political rights, and that is, to have been the victim of a delusion. The organic movement will commence then in earnest. The best women and most intelligent will then soon see that the true instrument of feminine influence, that which alone can make it the ultimately supreme power, is the Church of Humanity.

I second the motion—let it come quickly. It will, indeed, be an education not only of women but to the men by their side. Mothers will pray with new earnestness and fathers with new hope for their dear ones at the family altar, as hand in hand they wander up and down the great wilderness of life, to pluck the thorns and fill up the pitfalls in ten thousand paths, where so many of our fairest sons and daughters have stumbled and gone down.

If this experiment is a good thing and inevitable, and the shortest road to "the Church of Humanity," why try to frighten the women from their propriety by mysterious shakings of the head and doubtful givings out of "bitter fruits" and "victims of delusion?" etc. I for one have no fears of the "metaphysical transition" of the cold plunge into this sea of trouble in order to secure political rights. If there is sex in soul, as Swedenborg, and Comte, and Holcombe, and Edgar, all admit, then disorganization is the law everywhere until the feminine element is fully recognized. Man might as well hope to create a being in and of himself as to perfect a thought without woman. All these gentlemen write and speak very beautifully and philosophically on every subject but woman, and the moment they touch her they seem to throw all logic and reason to the winds.

If woman's influence is so imperative as they all admit, in social and theological reconstruction, why not in governmental reconstruction If the principle of humanity cannot be breathed into the creeds except by woman, how can it be breathed into the codes without her.

It would be funny, if it were not in its way so sad, to see the bitter invectives of the advocates of Woman's Rights against the tyranny of men in withholding those rights. I feel very sure that women will have their votes long before their metaphysical leaders can persuade one-fifth of their sex to ask for them. And surely were we to poll New York State to-morrow on the subject, men and women both voting, more men would vote for Woman's Rights than women would be found to vote for their own.

Our protests have been mild, indeed, compared with those of the men of our times in remanding us to "our sphere." Let Mr. Edgar read the calm, philosophical speeches of the women of this republic during the last twenty years, and then read those of the gentlemen of the press, and he will be surprised to see that the bitter invectives are all on the side of his own sex.

To say that women do not ask the vote is simply to say that they are ignorant of the power and dignity of the ballot. People used to say that the slaves were satisfied in slavery. If it be true, says Channing, that men made in the image of God can be so degraded as to be satisfied and happy under such a system as slavery is, then you have given me the strongest argument for its overthrow. So if women are so degraded as to be willing that the very lowest orders of foreigners and plantation slaves, who can neither read nor write, shall make the moral code for them and their daughters, this is the strongest argument in favor of their speedy enfranchisement. E. C. S.

Homœopathy to the Front.—A telegraphic dispatch from Boston, June 11th, announces that at the closing session of the American Institute of Homœopathy, held on that day, the constitution was amended so as to admit female practitioners as members, by a vote of 80 to 32.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN THE MASSACHUSETTS SENATE.

THE Report of the committee in the Massachusetts Senate a few days ago on the question of amending the conditions of Suffrage so as to admit woman to the right, was so favorable as greatly to cheer the hearts of the friends of the measure; and high hopes were entertained that it would first be successful in that state, and that very soon. But the committee was not the Senate. And still less is it the state. Some of our young friends from the west, who, at the late anniversary, were regretting that they could not have lived in the "Martyr Age" of Anti-Slavery, may yet have full opportunity to test their virtues and win heroic crowns. The other day, those same Massachusetts Senators scornfully rejected a bill offered to exempt property to the amount of a thousand dollars, belonging to a widow, or unmarried woman, from taxation. So did they prove that they would have been tories when tea was steeped in Boston harbor in solemn protest against "taxation without representation," and the *mothers* of the Revolution (as well as fathers) drank sacraments to liberty in brackish Boston water, spurning the taxed beverage as an unclean thing. Those revolutionary mothers were worthy a better progeny than these recreant senators; these reproaches to the mothers who bore them; these blasphemers of the patriotism, bravery and fortitude of woman, as exhibited in the war of the rebellion, and through whose virtues alone victory was made possible, and the country saved. It is a long and rugged way yet from here to Woman Suffrage even in the State of Bunker Hill and the "blarney stone" of Plymouth.

A bill to authorize any married woman to be an executrix, administratrix, guardian, or trustee, was debated last week in that same Senate. One member wanted to amend by inserting "with the written consent of her husband." The amendment was lost, and so at first was the bill, 11 to 10, by the yeas and nays. But the next day this vote was reconsidered, *the amendment adopted*, and the bill then passed. What sort of storm would be raised should wives demand that their consent be given before husbands could hold such positions? or put their names to paper, that in one year, might beggar their families, as has been so often seen?

The debate on the Suffrage Amendment was spirited and able; especially on that only side where real ability was possible. A Mr. Griswold opened the discussion with a history of constitutional amendments in the state, and showed clearly and forcibly how much more pertinent and important was the change now demanded. Senator Dowse, a Divine, down from a country pulpit (which he surely cannot dignify nor adorn), replied, or rather, Poll Parrot-like, said over the thousand times repeated and the thousand times refuted arguments against the measure.

One of the best presentations of the subject in most respects, was by Judge Pitman, just appointed to the Supreme Bench of the state. Would Massachusetts exchange her present delegation in Congress, for him and the like of him, she would do herself honor, and God and the country service. She should and could do it, for she has not yet quite "lost the breed of noble bloods."

Mr. Pitman said he would not apologize for speaking on this subject, because it was a subject of immense importance. He feared that we were getting to lower the function of government to mere material questions. The truest material prosperity is based on moral elevation. It is well that purifying and refining elements should be brought into our politics. This question of woman's right of suffrage is of transcendent importance, involving the sovereignty of Massachusetts, and including the *possible* surrender of that sovereignty to women, who in this state outnumber the men by many thousands. We should seek to avoid prejudice, and make our decision on the ground of principle. For participation in government, two things, he said, were necessary; capacity to govern, and right intention towards the public welfare. Has woman such capacity and such intention? Mr. Pitman was satisfied that she had both, and would therefore admit her to suffrage. He said we had drifted away from precedents, had made many new experiments, and we needed the vote of woman to counterpoise our extension of suffrage in other directions. Every honest hand and warm heart of woman is with us, he added, and he had faith that we should succeed as he had faith in God.

For the remainder of Senator Pitman's speech, the Boston *Commonwealth*, as below, should be credited.

The test by which we must decide in regard to Woman's Suffrage is—Is it for the good of the state? What are the functions of government? Is it a protector, an encourager, an educator. It needs the peculiar characteristics of women in all these departments.

There is a violent presumption of nature that the feminine element is necessary to complete the harmony of life in government as in other departments. In the region of law, much of the softening influence of legislation had been produced by woman and woman's heart, softer than man's brain, had cleared up many of the horrid dogmas of theology which were formerly believed in.

In every region of life, the softening influence of woman is manifest. In our late war the active energy of woman appeared, not only in the beneficence of the Sanitary Commission, but in granting generous terms to our vanquished opponents. And how heartily did she assist in the late commemoration of our dead heroes!

Why should we not admit women into politics? Purity of heart, disinterestedness, humanity, are important helps in the consideratton of great questions. In all reformatory action, the heart has its rights, and its partnership helps the head.

Our great questions are *moral* questions. We have passed beyond trivial interests in politics. The tact, the sagacity, the intelligence of women in the reforms now pending would be of the greatest service to us.

In the matter of intemperance—a great question lying at the basis of civilization—why should we not summon woman to our aid? She would vote against the allowance of those strong temptations which now beset the weak at every street corner.

The forces of conservatism are against reform. Many great interests are enlisted on the side of vice. Much of the business capital of Boston seeks the alliance of the vulgar and vicious to increase its gains. The suffrage of women is needed for the purification of politics. Women, though not better than men, are purer. Their temptations are different. They are free from the vices that concern legislation.

The Senator from Middlesex (Mr. Dowse) urges "the welfare of home" as the reason why women should not vote. But this consideration really operates in a contrary direction. Why should not woman protect herself against the desolation which the intemperance of men brings into thousand of homes?

Woman has the capacity to aid *specially* in legislation. Her influence in regard to the treatment of crime with a view to reformation of the criminals—in regard to prison discipline—to the treatment of the insane—to the details of school education,—is precisely the element we need. Our public charities need improvement. Our success in this department has been but partial for the want of the influence of woman in arranging it. These things have been managed in the interests of economy rather than philanthropy. Look at the foundlings in Tewksbury, *dying at the rate of 95 per cent every year.* Look at Monson and Westborough. The better success at Lancaster is due to the large co-operation of women there. How effectively women may work in the improvement of asylums for the insane is shown by the life of Dorothea L. Dix. We need them, also, in legislation for the education of deaf mutes, and for the abolition of corporal punishment in schools. Our present conservatism maintains the use of the rod on girls old enough to be called women. As soon as women are allowed suffrage this relic of barbarism will be swept away.

So in the general interests of education. Eighty per cent. of our teachers are women, and yet there is no woman on the School Committee.

The question arises—How will the proposed change affect woman herself? There is a strong presumption that it will affect her favorably. There is no reason for apprehension from this source, either for the interests of the family, or the welfare of woman in any way.

What is voting? It is simply an expression of opinion. There can be no objection to such an expression of opinion by women. It is feared that they may be contaminated or insulted by going to the customary voting-places? The very fact that women were expected there would cause those places to be improved, so far as they need improvement; and at the worst, separate entrances or separate voting places might be provided. Certainly, this objection comes with an ill-grace from those who allow their daughters to take lessons from persons of doubtful character, and to dance with known profligates.

Will the voting of women destroy domestic harmony? Perhaps it will in some cases, since some men desire in a wife only a soft pillow for their repose, or a pliant echo for their sentiments. Marriage must necessarily include many differences of opinion; and differences upon this subject will be no greater, and of no worse tendency than upon other subjects.

The influence of suffrage on woman will appear less outwardly than inwardly, and its preponderance will be for good not for evil. It will favorably affect the inner life of the sex, importing the strength which they need, without impairing the delicacy of their nature. There is no danger that the eternal distinctions between the sexes will be obliterated by this change in our customs, but beneficial effects in many ways may be expected from it, especially in the education of girls, which now is so largely composed of frivolities. It is not the interests of woman alone, but the interests of humanity, that call for this measure.

The vote on the question was not taken until the next day, and then only nine Senators out of thirty-one recorded their yea, in its favor. It is a sad and humiliating spectacle for a state or nation, when only mean men are in office, and they generally through tricks and strategy, to which only mean men will or can resort.

P. P.

NEW YORK STATE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

THE advocates of Woman's Suffrage will hold a State Convention at Saratoga Springs on the thirteenth and fourteenth of July, 1869.

The specific business of this convention will be to effect a permanent Woman's Suffrage organization for the State of New York.

The friends of Woman's Suffrage in the several Congressional districts should at once elect their delegates, in order that the whole state may be represented in the convention.

In districts where delegates cannot be elected, any member of the district can constitute himself or herself a representative of the district.

The convention will be attended by the ablest advocates of Suffrage for woman, and addresses may be expected from Elizabeth Cady Stanton, President of the National Association, Celia Burleigh, President of the Brooklyn Equal Rights Association, M. E. Joslyn Gage, Advisory Council for the State, Susan B. Anthony of THE REVOLUTION, Charlotte B. Wilbour of New York city, and others whose names are new on the list of workers for the enfranchisement of woman.

Every woman in the state who is interested

for her personal freedom should attend this convention, and by her presence, influence and money aid the movement for the restoration of the alienated rights of her sex.

MRS. ELIZABETH B. PHELPS,
Vice-President for the State of NewYork.

M. E. JOSLYN GAGE,
Advisory Council for the State.

☞EDITORS please copy.

NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.—This association holds its regular weekly meetings at the Woman's Bureau, 49 East 23d street, every Tuesday afternoon at 3 o clock. All who desire to instruct or be instructed on the question of Woman's elevation and enfranchisement are invited to attend.

WORKING WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—This Association holds its semi-monthly meeting this (Thursday) evening at Plympton Hall, corner of Stuyvesant and Ninth streets. Eleanor Kirk and Sarah F. Norton will deliver addresses.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN BUFFALO.—The women of Buffalo are wide-awake—their papers give whole columns of reports of able speeches at the meeting last week, by Mrs. Helen Philleo Jenkins, Miss Baker and others.

On the 5th of July (the 4th being Sunday) they are to have a grand Erie County Woman's Suffrage Convention in their largest (St. James') Hall, at which they say, "all Erie County shall be present, if only Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony will promise to be there." So we promise; and hope, and intend Buffalo shall have the grandest 4th of July celebration it has ever witnessed since the days of '76.

NATIONAL TYPOGRAPHICAL CONVENTION.—This convention, held in Albany during the past week, organized a new Constitution, one section of which provided for granting charters to Women's Typographical Unions, and worded so as to allow women to join other than Women's Unions. The section was adopted with but one or two dissenting voices. Miss Augusta Lewis, President of the Women's Typographical Union, who attended the Convention as representative of that body, thanked the Convention in the most feeling manner for its action, and added that the good which would inure to the fraternity would be found to be of much more value than all the thanks which could flow from a heart overflowing with gratitude.

A MEETING of the female cap-makers was held under the auspices of the Cap Makers' Union at Room No. 24, Cooper Institute, on Friday evening, June 11. Mr. Conrad Kuhn, President of the German Workingmen's Association, presided. Some thirty-five women were in attendance, and as many more gentlemen, members of the Cap-Makers' Union. The following ladies were appointed to confer with the Executive Committee of the Union: Miss Robinson, Miss Levy, Mrs. Meyers, Mrs. Dilleck and Miss Lemans. The price list demanded by the Union in the strike now pending was read, and unanimously indorsed by the women in attendance.

A HAPPY marriage generally means nothing more than a happy husband. No one stands near enough to hear and count a woman's sighs; the unheard pang becomes at last speechless, and new wounds weaken the bleeding of the oldest.

SUFFRAGE IN INDIANA.

THE ninth annual convention of the Woman's Suffrage Association of Indiana was held at Indianapolis on the 8th. The attendance was large and numbered many prominent citizens. The audience was enthusiastic, and ready to be convinced. Miss Amanda M. Way of Indianapolis presided.

On motion of Mrs. Dr. Mary F. Thomas, of Camden, Jay County, a committee of three was ordered to report permanent officers. The committee was constituted as follows: Mrs. Dr. Thomas, Mrs. M. M. Bassett Goodwin of Indianapolis, and Professor Charles.

They reported as follows:

President—Amanda M. Way of Indianapolis.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Longley of Cincinnati, Mrs. Emi B. Swank of Indianapolis, and Miriam M. Cole of Dayton, Ohio.

Secretary—Mrs. Dr. Mary F. Thomas of Camden, Jay County, Indiana.

Treasurer—Mrs. Jane Trueblood of Indianapolis.

The Platform of 1851 was agreed on as follows:

Whereas, The subject of Woman's Rights is founded upon the eternal rock of Truth, and as unceasing and untiring activity is absolutely necessary for the promulgation of information regarding woman's condition, needs and claims; and as united action and permanent organization further the cause most efficiently, we, whose names are hereunto subscribed, unite together under the following constitution:

This Society shall be known by the name of "The Indiana Women's Rights Association."

The officers of this society shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, whose duties shall be such as devolve upon such stations, and they shall be elected annually.

The Secretary, further, shall be requested to report annually upon the general condition of women, and the efforts made for her elevation.

Persons shall be appointed, at each annual meeting, to report upon each of the following subjects: "Woman's Labor and Remuneration," "Woman's Legal Condition," "Woman's Social Position," and "Woman's Education."

This society does advise the organizing of District Societies throughout the state.

This constitution may be altered or amended at any regular meeting of the Society.

Interesting speeches were made by Rev. Henry Blanchard of Indianapolis, Mrs. Livermore of the *Agitator*, and others. The women of Indiana feel that a grand field of operation is opening to them, and they are entering it with true Western energy.

THE *Tribune* still gives signs of life, sense and sensibility, notwithstanding its almost complete and chronic perverseness, as witness the following from its editorial columns:

We are glad to notice that in Michigan, Mrs. Tenney, widow of Prof. Tenney, formerly Librarian of the State, has been appointed to the same office. Women, on account of their quiet ways, their habits of order and skill in arrangement, make, other things being equal, excellent librarians, and they are so employed in most of the Libraries of Massachusetts, including the Public Library in Boston, and the Library of the Athenæum in the same city. It may seem a small matter to mention, but the nice and delicate way in which a woman will repair an old book, and cover it, and put it in perfect order, is a sight for the bibliomaniac; and for cataloguing and finding a rare book in an odd corner they are unrivalled. We speak from experience and a sense of gratitude.

ERNESTINE L. ROSE has just sailed for Europe, bearing with her the best wishes of a large circle of friends for her safe return with renewed health and vigor. Mrs. Rose has long been an invalid, but has never ceased working for the enfranchisement of woman. She has attended every convention for the last twenty years, and though writing the English language with difficulty, has done much with her pen in combating the popular heresies on woman's sphere. We hope she may be so far restored as to speak in Great Britain, that our English friends may hear one of our best orators.

At the last meeting of Sorosis, held recently at Delmonico's, Mrs. Abby Hutchinson Patton was deputed by that body to present Mrs. Rose, who sailed for Europe on the 8th, with a testimonial of their regard enclosed in a beautiful basket of flowers. A card accompanied it bearing an appropriate inscription: "A basket of June roses to Mrs. Rose from Sorosis."

Mrs. Rose also received from friends in Boston a very handsome gift, presented through Mr. and Mrs. Mendum of the *Investigator*.

EDMONIA LEWIS, the young colored sculptor, visited our sanctum a few days since. She has just returned from Italy where she has been pursuing her art several years. One need but look into her large, thoughtful eyes, and bright sparkling face to know that she is a girl of rare genius. We well remember the admirable bust she made of young Colonel Shaw just before her departure, so much admired by all who saw it. Not having seen her late works we cannot judge of the great progress we hear she has made. As we sat talking with her we thought of all the trials and disappointments she had known because both of her sex and race, and wondered why our earthly rulers could not be as impartial in granting privileges, as the Good Father has been in bestowing his gifts. Proud as we feel at every great achievement of any woman, we always feel doubly so when one of this oppressed race, by her rare gifts, commands a place among the favored few of earth's children and proves that genius has no sex or color.

LOGIC.—A gentleman of this city was, a few days since out among his tenement houses collecting the rents, when he suddenly opened the door upon a rather novel scene—a man with a stick was whipping his wife—laying the blows on sharp and swift. He suspended his labors on the appearance of the third party, and in some confusion said: "I-I-I was reg-regulating my family a little." Probably the "family" was quite docile after this.—*Hartford Paper.*

The man's logic was all right. Women can't be treated as children and idiots in part of the relations of life and as responsible adults at another time, according to the whim of men. It must be either the one thing or the other. So bring out your whips, gentlemen, and let the "child and master" theory prevail, or else let us have it done away with entirely.

THE SUN SHINING ON MISS DICKINSON.—That fierce Democratic organ, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, cordially admits that Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the new Managing Editor of the New York *Tribune*, is "a handsome bachelor of marriageable age, with a tender and susceptible heart. He seems," continues the *Enquirer*, "to have waked an affectionate chord in the bosom of a maiden in the sweet and bewitching maturity of the grand climacteric." In other words, we suppose, the *Enquirer* would have it understood that the recent article of THE REVOLUTION in appreciation of Mr. Reid's "beautiful nature, so peculiarly

fitted for society, for home life, for the peace and quiet of the domestic relations," was written by Miss Susan B. Anthony. But this, we believe, is a mistake. There are several gifted and poetic writers in THE REVOLUTION, and if we are not misinformed, the article in question bore the initials of a lady more distinguished for youth and beauty, and, above all, for oratorical genius than Miss Anthony. But whoever wrote it, we are glad to notice that all the bitterness of partisan contest does not lead the *Enquirer* to deny its truth. Such amenities between journalists of conflicting politics are a credit to human nature.—*Sun.*

GUARDIANS FOR DRUNKARDS.

THE Illinois Legislature has passed a law classifying drunkards with idiots and insane people, and giving their property and persons to the charge of guardians. What a cutting satire this is upon certain members of Congress from Illinois—even in that august body the Senate of the United States, where the law might apply to creations of the Legislature itself.

Who are to be these guardians? Their wives? As they will undoubtedly have charge of them when ill with delirium tremens, and at all other times, drunk or sober, mending their clothes and ministering to their necessities, we wonder if these chivalrous gentlemen will make them the guardians of the property also? At all events, see that drunken men are not let loose as now on their defenceless wives and children. If the state licenses one class of men to make drunkards it should license another to take care of them; for women are fast repudiating that business and all such disgusting affiliations.

THE MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT FAMILY.—Her husband, William Godwin, died in 1836 at the age of eighty. She herself died in 1797 aged thirty-eight. Their only child, Mrs. Shelley, wife of the immortal poet, died in 1851, aged fifty-three, and the poet was drowned in 1822, when hardly thirty years old. With one exception, all the lives were short in years, and strangely checkered too. But history has garnered their memory tenderly in its bosom, and the generations will yet delight to honor it.

BRITISH BARBARITY.—A woman named Mary Wolsey was lately charged before the Burnley Magistrates with the atrocious crime of sleeping in a cart, not having where else to lay her head. The law did not permit of hanging her, though the court doubtless would have been glad to do it, for they sentenced the poor being to fourteen days imprisonment! At the Tinahely sessions, lately, a little girl, child of a poor laborer, was arrested for picking up, when passing through a bog, two eggs laid there by a wild duck. The sentence was *fine and costs*, or *imprisonment!* Let her be very thankful and her famishing father, too, for once it might have been torture and death to both of them.

LITTLE MEN.—"A chiel's amang 'em takin notes,
And faith he'll prent it."

Miss Alcott, it is feared, will write a companion-work to her "Little Women," entitled "Little Men." Some evil minded persons are already urging her thereto. Our *Liliputia* swarms with them, and they are little enough for a big book, which Miss Alcott too is abundantly able to produce, judging only by what she has already done. Her friends, however, will grieve to hear that her health has declined so seriously as to unfit her for work, and to compel her to seek other climates for its restoration.

"A MAN AND A BROTHER."

The following remarks of Mrs. Rose should have appeared in our report of the Anniversary, Cooper Institute meeting. But the matchless irony of that peerless orator cannot be put on paper.

MRS. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: What we need is to arouse both men and women to the great necessity of justice and of right. The world moves. We need not seek further than this Convention assembled here to-night to show that it moves. We have assembled here delegates from the East and the West, from the North and the South, from all over the United States, from England, from France, and from Germany—all have come to give us greeting and well-wishes, both in writing and in speech. I only wish that this whole audience might have been able to understand and appreciate the eloquent speeches which have been delivered here to-night. They have been uttered in support of the claim—the just demand—of woman for the right to vote. And here, in this country, we proclaim the doctrine which should cheer, and enlighten, and gladden the human heart, that noble and glorious motto that will yet bear its fruit, that all men are created equal and endowed with inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. And yet, inconsistent as it is, in the face of that truth, in the face of that declaration, that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, that taxation and representation ought to go hand in hand—in spite of that great trinity of truth, woman has never yet received the recognition of her right to the franchise, for which we now stand here and proclaim. The rights of the negro have been secured by that great palladium, the ballot-box; our rights cannot be secured, our rights cannot be protected until we also secure that right, and are enabled to lift up our voices and cast our votes. Why is it, my friends, that Congress has enacted laws to give the negro of the South the right to vote? Why do they not at the same time protect the negro woman? If Congress really means to protect the negro race, they should have acknowledged woman just as much as man; not only in the South but here in the North, the only way to protect her is by the ballot. We have often heard from this platform, and I myself have often said, that with individual man we do not find fault. We do not war with man. We war with bad principles. And let me ask whether we have not the right to war with these principles which stamp the degradation of inferiority upon wives, upon daughters, upon sisters, and upon mothers?

This society that has called this convention calls itself the Equal Rights Association. That I understand to be an association which has no distinction of sex, class, or color. Congress does not seem to understand the meaning of the term universal. I understand the word universal to include All. Congress understood that Universal Suffrage meant the white man only. Since the war we have changed the name for Impartial Suffrage. When some of our editors, such as Mr. Greeley and others, were asked what they meant by impartial suffrage, they said, "Why, men, of course; the man and the brother." Congress has enacted resolutions for the suffrage of men and brothers. They don't speak of the women and sisters. (Applause.) They have begun to change their tactics, and call it manhood suffrage. I propose to call it Woman Suffrage; then we will know what we mean. We might commence by calling the Chinaman a man and a brother, or the Hottentot, or the Calmuck, or the Indian, the idiot or the criminal, but where shall we stop? They will bring all these in before us, and then they will bring in the babies—the *male* babies (laughter). I am a foreigner. I had great difficulty in acquiring the English language, and I never will acquire it. But I am afraid that in the meaning of language Congress is a great deal worse off than I have ever been. I go for the change of name; I will not be construed into a man and a brother. I ask the same rights for women that are extended to men—the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and every pursuit in life must be as free and open to me as any man in the land. (Applause.) But they will never be thrown open to me or to any of you, until we have the power of the ballot in our own hands. That little paper is a great talisman. We have often been told that the golden key can unlock all the doors; that little piece of paper can unlock doors where golden keys fail. Wherever men are, whether in the workshop, in the store, in the laboratory, or in the legislative halls, I want to see women. Wherever man is, there she is needed; wherever man has work to do—work for the benefit of man—there should men and women unite and co-operate together. It is not well for man to be alone, or work alone; and he cannot work for woman as well as woman can work for herself. I suggest that the name of this Association be changed from Equal Rights Association to Woman's Suffrage Association.

SLEEPING TOGETHER.—The Laws of Life says: "More quarrels arise between brothers, between sisters, between hired girls, between apprentices in machine-shops, between clerks in stores, between hired men, between husbands and wives, owing to electrical changes through which their nervous systems go by lodging together night after night under the same bedclothes than by almost any other disturbing cause. There is nothing that will so derange the nervous system of a person who is eliminative in nervous force as to lie all night in bed with another person who is absorbent in nervous force. The absorber will go to sleep and rest all night, while eliminator will be tumbling and tossing, restless and nervous, and wake in the morning fretful, peevish, fault-finding and discouraged. No two persons, no matter who they are, should habitually sleep together. One will thrive and the other will lose. This is the law, and in married life it is defined almost universally.

Here is a great physical law that all would do well to obey. Every man, woman and child should have a bed to him or herself. Let those just going to housekeeping buy no double beds, and never allow a baby to sleep with a servant. Cribs, cots and single beds for health and happiness.

LAWS FOR GIRLS.—The new marriage law of Ohio, just printed, prohibits marriages between first cousins, and of girls under sixteen years of age, and of girls, or "young ladies," under twenty-one years of age without the consent of their parents. Under the old law girls over fourteen years of age were allowed to marry with consent of their parents, and those over eighteen to marry without consent.

Are the boys to marry just when they choose? Surely, women should have a voice in this marriage and maternity question, as all admit this is her sphere. We think these Ohio legislators are encroaching on the home sphere. If women may not meddle with the outside world, is it right for men to say who shall sit with us by the fireside, and at what precise point of our earthly career we may look upon some Adam with love and admiration. If the law is broken, we hope the husband is to pay the penalty, as his peers made the law.

THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

The Association held its regular meeting, Mrs. Stanton presiding, at the Woman's Bureau on Tuesday afternoon, June 8th.

The business of the meeting began with the passage of a resolution declaring that there should be no distinction of sex in regard to the rights of members.

Miss Anthony said that they should try to get at the ideas of each other in a social way, and not be afraid to say what they wanted to.

She then read several letters, one of them from Grace Greenwood, who accepted the office of Vice-President of the Association for the District of Columbia and said the cause "always has my hearty sympathy," and one from Hon. Wm. Hay, of Saratoga Springs, an old man of ninety, who wanted a grand Convention at the Springs.

A lady wanted to know if, when women vote, they must serve in case of war, whereat another lady arose and said that men who vote are not obliged to serve in the kitchen. (Laughter.)

Mrs. Stanton said: In one of our conventions Horace Greeley asked us if we would go to war if we voted? We inquired how many gentlemen present bore the mark of a bullet. We heard no answer. We would be surprised if we knew how many women actually served in our late war in men's garb. When their sex was discovered, they were dismissed the service in disgrace, minus their pay.

We intend that hereafter all state questions shall be settled amicably—by peaceful, earnest discussions in council. When woman has a voice in government, men will no longer go out like wild beasts to tear each other's eyes out.

A Lady—Won't the women have to consent to war if the majority are in favor of it?

Mrs. Stanton thought there would be a division in labor if war was declared. Hospital work is as necessary as fighting, and women were peculiarly adapted to perform it. Greater honor is due to the person who binds up a wound, than to the one who inflicts it. But after all, men are engaged continually in such a scramble for office that they would not be apt to push women forward. (Laughter.)

A Lady who has had practical experience in the army said that the late war would have been a failure without the noble women who emptied their wardrobes, linen-closets, and cellars, for the sake of our wounded. They ran the hospitals, and saved two-thirds of our army.

Mrs. Stanton called upon Miss Safford, M.D., of Illinois, who was about going to Europe to finish her medical studies, to say something of her recent experience in the South. Miss Safford declared that the Southern papers contained more ludicrous reports of the Equal Rights Convention than did even the *World*. Down there they consider us a set of wild, crazy, women, who don't know what we are about. I rejoiced to see the great advancement among the negroes who are rapidly gaining in intelligence and morality. The women of the South certainly maintain an equality. I noticed that they smoked, chewed, spit, and swore with as much freedom as did the men. They were still in darkness regarding education. One poor little divine, whose poverty obliged him to add teaching to his ministerial duties, said that he was not yet so degraded as to instruct the colored children who swarmed at his doors thirsting for knowledge. Where I found any intelligence it was among the blacks.

Mrs. Stanton advised the lady to qualify her remarks. She knew that there was a high degree of intelligence at the South. Some of the best articles in THE REVOLUTION were written by Southern women. The record of Southern men in Congress showed the intellectual ability of the South.

Miss Safford—It was the "poor whites" to whom I referred—the inland country people.

Mrs. McKinley, as a Southern woman, protested against the accusation of "dipping and smoking." No educated Southern woman would be guilty of such atrocities.

Mrs. Stanton said, that many noble and cultivated women in France smoked and chewed, but it was not a universal habit. She had heard that ladies in New York also smoked. She wanted to stop these sectional slurs. The war is ended; let us heal these sectional feelings. The women of the South have a special interest in the right of the ballot. The slaves are to be their masters, as is now arranged, and it is doubly necessary that they should have, at least, half the power.

Mrs. Wilbour wanted to know if the members of this Association must necessarily be opposed to the Fifteenth Amendment? Must it be a part of our platform?

Miss Anthony here read a letter from Mrs. M. F. Davis of New Jersey, who objected to hold office as Vice-President in that state, in consequence of Mrs. Stanton's opposition to the Fifteenth Amendment.

Mrs. Stanton's resolution, presented at the preceding meeting was then read, and Miss Anthony said it was not meant to say that we are so very narrow that we are sorry that any human being has a right given him. Discussion is good, but the Association should not adopt a resolution that seems to commit it to this or that. All such questions should be considered at a yearly convention.

Mrs. Stanton said: I have always been in favor of the negro having every right, but when he, ignorant and degraded, was made a voter before noble, cultivated white women, it was time for them to demand something for themselves. We have had an aristocracy of color. Now that we have come to an aristocracy of sex, it is too degrading to us to keep still. It isn't merely giving suffrage to black men, but giving it to ignorant men of every color landing on our shores. We read the other day of one negro saying to another in contemptuous tones: "Women vote? Women don't know nuffin." (Laughter.) This Fifteenth Amendment is an insult to the women of America.

Dr. Hoeber followed, and declared that he should cut the republican party, because of this amendment.

Mrs. Stanton's resolution and that of Mrs. Wilbour's regarding the social recognition of members were laid upon the table for future consideration.

Mrs. Stanton then proposed to discuss the "Coming Campaign."

Miss Anthony said she didn't like to talk about plans when there was no money with which to carry them out. She urged the holding of conventions throughout the country, and the formation of organizations in every section. An immense Suffrage Petition must be rolled up for presentation to Congress at the next session, and a thorough canvass of the States must at once be inaugurated, papers circulated and lecturers engaged. For all this money was necessary, and she urged, that all who wished to bestow their funds in any way for human good, should give their first attention to the woman's cause. We should canvass every state as thoroughly as we did Kansas. She referred to the recent action of the Massachusetts Senate, and said that with all its puritanical "I am holier than thou" feeling, its silver-slippered, and kid-gloved way of working, and its disregard of the laborers of other sections, Massachusetts lost the suffrage by a more overwhelming vote than any other state. Miss Anthony closed her speech with an appeal for money with which to further their plans, and the meeting adjourned.

La Science Sociale, Paris, April 16, 1869, quotes the following from *L'Opinion Nationale*. After speaking rather facetiously of socialism, he adds:

"Another question—another egg,—gives us serious apprehension as to the hatching.

"I speak of woman, who is now in a fair way of regaining the right to labor. We see her in the post office, in railroad and telegraph offices. In Montpelier a lady announced herself as *druggist*, and female physicians hail from many quarters.

"It would seem to have been with the intention of reducing woman to prostitution, and forcing her to remain there forever, that man has appropriated to himself the trades which both nature and custom has apparently reserved for her. Men have usurped the needle, and made themselves dress-makers, milliners and dry-good clerks.

"But woman has taken the offensive, and in a short time, if the two sexes pursue their present course, there will remain to man only those trades which he has so dastardly taken from woman."

THE *Tribune* yesterday speaks as follows respecting the most beautiful and gifted advocate of the Woman's Rights movement:

We take pleasure in showing how much more we think of that very charming young lady, Miss Dickinson, than she thinks of us.

If Mr. Greeley was not known to be a married man, people might suppose from this that he had offered himself to Miss Dickinson and been refused.—*Sun*.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AT AN EDITORIAL CONVENTION.

AT the recent convention of the Publishers' and Editors' Association of Missouri, held in Polytechnic Hall, St. Louis, the President invited, on a vote of the convention, Mrs. Frances Minor, President of the Woman's Suffrage Association, to address the convention, which she did in the following words:

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS: In behalf of the women of Missouri we appear before you to-day, believing that you hold in your hands the greatest power in the state. To you is accorded the privilege of being admitted to every fireside. You are the first and most welcome guest at our breakfast tables. To you is extended the trembling hand of the gray-haired grandsire and the mischievous fingers of the fair-haired child, from one extreme to the other. Over all you wield a powerful influence, either for good or evil. We ask you to wield this influence for our good, for the elevation of our sex. We make the same appeal to you as a body which we have made to many of you individually, to aid us in our great work of obtaining for ourselves the rights and privileges of citizens. If you are opposed to this, come out fairly and give us reasons for your opposition; sneers or compliments are not satisfactory to women who, with narrow incomes and toil-worn hands, are called on to pay taxes to support a government, which for duties and responsibilities, calls them citizens, yet denies them the privileges and immunities of such. When you carry the musket in defence of the state, we are taxed to buy that musket; we are taxed to support your government in every yard of ribbon we buy; the very income we derive from that instrument of death, the needle or sewing-machine, is taxed to support your government; we are required to swear allegiance to your government; we are amenable to the law of treason; confiscation and assessment know no sex. If we are citizens that is just; the burthens of the government should fall equally on all. After seeing these facts, is there a man present who would expatriate the women of the state by denying that they are citizens and entitled to representation? The fourth article of the constitution of the United States, section two, says, citizens of each state shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens of the several states. If we are citizens (which no one denies) then are we entitled to all our privileges and immunities in every state, and the state should not restrict us; for we hold these privileges and immunities under the paramount authority of the Federal government and its courts are bound to maintain and support them, the constitutional laws of the state to the contrary notwithstanding. If this state can deny women the right of Suffrage, and make them an inferior and degraded class, then is this clause of the constitution a taunting mockery to one-half of the citizens of this state; for the constitution of Missouri says "only male citizens are voters," thus by its very wording admitting women to be citizens, and as such I claim that we are entitled to the protection given us by the fourth article of the constitution of the United States. Not only have women voted in some of the states, but it has been decided by one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1823, in constructing this clause of the constitution, that the elective franchise is one of the privileges embraced therein. But, gentlemen, we will not weary you with speeches or arguments. We are here to appeal to your justice; to ask you to alter this constition of Missouri, place the women of the state where God intended they should be, by your side, your equals in intellect, your ever reliable and faithful allies in the battle of life. Do this, and you will find that while a bountiful nature has with lavish abundance supplied to your state the richest mineral wealth, your elevated women will be your richest, your greatest treasure, for "her price will be above rubies."

WHAT comes of leaving our money to be spent by Trustees and Executors.

MISMANAGEMENT OF GIRARD COLLEGE.—A good deal of dissatisfaction prevails in Philadelphia in regard to the management of Girard College which, it is said, has fallen into the hands of politicians of the lowest grade, who divert its magnificent endowment to their own personal-

aggrandizement. A bill to remedy this state of things has been passed by the Pennsylvania Legislature, but has not yet been signed by the Governor. In the meantime, Judge Allison of the Court of Quarter Sessions has called the attention of the grand jury to the abuses that have crept into the college. He asserts that the fatherless and motherless inmates of Girard, as a punishment for misconduct, were confined in what they called lockups, where they were kept for days, and sometimes for weeks, on bread and water, in some instances given to them only twice a day, with but little ventilation in summer, the atmosphere offensive and unhealthy, and no heat in winter. One boy was kept in confinement until his feet were badly frost-bitten. The lockups were frequently so offensive as to be hardly endurable. Many of the lads were unprovided with shoes and other suitable clothing. —*Boston Journal.*

THE PRIVILEGES OF WOMEN IN EDINBURGH.

In the Edinburgh Town Council last month an application by a woman to have her husband admitted a burgess was reported upon by the Lord Provost's committee, who expressed the opinion that the husband had no claim to be admitted a burgess, but that in case the applicant complied with all the old conditions of burgesseship—*i.e.*, "held stob and staik" in the burgh, and "walked, warded, paid extents and skatts therein conform to their substance," she should be admitted a burgess in her own right.

On this subject Mr. Marwick communicated some curious information as to the old custom of the Scotch burghs to admit women burgesses and women sisters of guild. On 17th March, 1406, Alison de Duscouli was made sister of the Edinburgh guild, as heir of the late Robert Duscouli, her brother. The oldest Peebles burgh record contains some entries showing it to have been the practice in that burgh to have women burgesses, thus: "On 15th November, 1456, was mayd burges Ely Scot, and sal pay for hir freedom, x s." On the 29th October, 1459, "That ilk day was mayd burges, Meg Woodhal, and sal mak for hir freedom a ruid of caussa" On the 23d April, 1464—"item, that ilk day was gewn the freedom to Peronale, and she sall pay thairfor xxx s., but favour." In Edinburgh again, an ordinance dated 14th March, 1507, specifying the entry money to be charged on the admission of various description of burgesses, contains the following sentence: "And siclike the burges dochteris, lanchfullie gottin, to have the privelege of the secand son z for the burgesry, xiiij s. iiij d.; and fou the gildry, xx s."

These extracts showed that in the old Scottish burghs women were admitted to the privileges of burgess-ship and guild sistership: and that what was now proposed was no innovation upon the old constitutional principle, under which women's rights were secured at a very early period of our history. The magistrates and council unanimously resolved that in special cases women might still be admitted to the rights of burgess-ship when they comply with the ancient conditions.—Eve. Journal.

If 500 years ago it was thought that women had some rights men were bound to respect, it is not very remarkable that women themselves should begin to think so to-day, in the freest government on the earth. E. S. C.

Madame Sophia Cotten, whose maiden name was Restaud, was born at Tonnlins, on the Garonne, in 1773. She was married to a Parisian banker at seventeen, and became a widow at twenty, which she continued to be till her decease, in 1807. Her first work, Clara d'Albe, was begun merely for amusement, and was sold to afford a proscribed man the means of flying from the guillotine. This lady was an honor to her sex, indeed. Of all her writings, the produce was devoted to benevolent purposes. Of her subsequent novels, Malvina, Amelia Mansfield, Matilda, and Elizabeth, the last is the most popular.

Canvassers wanted for a new and popular book. C. S. Westcott & Co., 79 John street.

Interesting to Ladies.—The Grover & Baker Sewing Machine has rendered in every respect the most perfect satisfaction; and I consider it one of the most valuable improvements of the times. It combines so many advantages with beauty of execution and economy of price that it is a necessity in every household—*Mrs. Governor Geary, Harrisburg, Pa.*

Financial Department.

THE REVOLUTION.

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WHAT IS FREE TRADE?

A good and clear definition is often equal to a "strong argument," and always essential to it.

Free trade exists when producer A. has secured to him his natural right to exchange the product of one hour (or any given number of hours or minutes) of his labor for the product of an equal amount of producer B.'s labor in the same way. But this state of things never has existed, and never can exist, while capitalist or middleman C. controls the land and tools necessary to A. and B. for the production of their exchangeable commodities. Neither can it exist if the merchant or middleman owns or appropriates for the purposes of exchange the products of A and B. The true function of the exchanger, if one is necessary, as in the complex operations of society he is, is to act for A. and B. the producers, and, consequently, owners of the commodities, singly to perform the actual labor of exchanging on the principles of equity before stated; for doing which he should be paid on the same just basis of hour for hour. Volumes may be, as they have been, written on free trade, but the whole story is in those few words: of what constitutes the ultimate free trade in which all progressive souls believe more or less intelligently?

But that ideal is an end to be attained by hard work through the use of various means, and requires many conditions before it can be made actual. Free labor and free money are essential prerequisites, the former including industrial freedom and justice to woman. By free labor I mean the laborer freed from the tax now laid upon him by the capitalist, which requires that the laborer shall control the land and tools and be his own employer. Free money is a currency representing labor measured by minutes or hours, and thus making equitable exchange possible. No radical reform, no complete reform is possible until woman is not only made Free but crowned Queen. Then man may recover his birthright long ago sold for a mess of pottage.

But the so-called free trade that is discussed in halls and written of in books and papers, is a horrible sham, an impudent forgery, donning the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in. Don't be deceived by it. Its name is the only free or good thing about it.

If, leaving everything else as it is, we could abolish all the Custom Houses to-morrow, which would be at least consistent with the pretences of the free-traders, we should be worse off instead of better for it. It would throw more power into the hands of the capitalist class, a portion of whom, with a few dilletante dreamers, and a few honest workers misled by the name, make up the present advocates of a revenue tariff, falsely called free-traders.

Mr. Atkinson ("free-trader"), a cotton spinner and manufacturer, who favored us with his views and advice at the Cooper Institute lately, opines that a tax should be laid on textile fabrics (which he makes), and that the materials used in making them should be free. Perhaps he is right; but that is protection and not free trade. The only question between those popularly known as Protectionists and Free-traders is on what articles, and for what purposes, and to what extent shall the tax be laid.

It seems to me that neither party cares much for the true interests of labor; but if there is any excuse at all for taxing imports, that of encouraging persons to engage in manufactures which otherwise they could not safely do, is the best one. I can understand a reformer advocating a wisely adjusted tariff for the protection and encouragement of our own industry, but can see no consistency in such a one supporting a revenue tariff, except on the ground of necessity, because we must have money to pay our debts, and the people have so long been used to that system of indirect taxation that it is easier to *get it out of them* that way. As long as we must have a tariff let us make it do as much good as possible by encouraging the importation of men and the manufacture of merchandise in which to employ men and pay them better, and give them better chances than they had before. But let The Revolution and its friends work for the true FREE TRADE. F. I. C.

THE MONEY MARKET

was active in the early part of the week, afterwards became stringent owing to the pressure brought to bear on the market by the contraction policy of the Secretary of the Treasury and in accumulating currency so much in excess of the wants of the Department. The rates for call loans during the week were 7 per cent. currency, then coin interest, and ⅛ to ¼ per cent. commission. On Saturday the market was somewhat easier, call loans ranging from 7 per cent. currency to 7 per cent. coin. Discounts of business paper are nominal, owing to the high rates for loans on call. The weekly bank statement shows marked contraction.

The following table shows the changes in the New York city banks this week compared with the preceding week:

	June 5.	June 12.	Differences.	
Loans,	$275,919,609	$271,983,735	Dec.	$3,935,874
Specie,	19,051,133	19,053,580	Inc.	2,447
Circulation,	33,982,995	34,144,790	Inc.	161,795
Deposits,	199,124,042	193,886,905	Dec.	5,237,137
Legal-tenders,	53,289,429	50,859,258	Dec.	2,430,171

THE GOLD MARKET

was steady throughout the week and firmer at the close.

The fluctuations in the gold market for the week were as follows:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.
Monday, June 7,	138¾	139	138⅛	138⅛
Tuesday, 8,	138⅜	139	138⅜	139
Wednesday, 9,	139¼	139¼	138⅞	139¼
Thursday, 10,	138⅝	139⅜	138⅛	139⅛
Friday, 11,	139	139⅜	138⅞	139⅜
Saurday, 12,	139⅛	139⅛	139⅛	139⅛

THE FOREIGN EXCHANGE MARKET

closed firm on Saturday, the rates for prime bankers 60 days sterling bills being 109⅝ and sight 110⅛. Commercial bills are scarce.

THE RAILWAY SHARE MARKET

was weak and demoralized in the early part of the week, and on Wednesday and Thursday was on the verge of a panic. The pressure to sell was intense, resulting in a heavy decline throughout the railway list. Mariposa preferred was the chief feature, declining from 48 on Monday to 13 on Wednesday. On Saturday the market was stronger, owing to the sudden ease in the money market and prices generally advanced.

The following are the closing quotations:

Cumberland, 34 to 36; W., F. & Co. Ex., 31¼ to 32; American, 39⅜ to 40¼; Adams, 59 to 59¼; United States

67¼ to 67¾; Mert's. Union, 14¾ to 15; Quicksilver, 16 to ..; Canton, 63¾ to 64; Pacific Mail, 90¼ to 90⅝; W., U. Telegraph, 40¼ to 40¾; N. Y. Central, 192¼ to 192⅝; Erie, 29⅝ to 29¾; Erie preferred, 54 to 55; Hudson River, 158¾ to 159; Reading, 98¾ to 99; Toledo & Wabash 73⅛ to 74; Toledo & Wabash pref., 80¾ to 82¼; Mil. & St. Paul, 76 to 76¼; Mil. & St. Paul preferred, 86¾ to 87; Fort Wayne, 156¾ to 157; Ohio & Miss., 33 to 33¼; Michigan Central, 136¼ to 136½; Michigan Southern, 106¼ to 106½; Illinois Central, 143 to 144; Cleve. & Pitts., 97¾ to 98¼; Rock Island, 120⅛ to 120½; Northwestern, ex'd., 86 to 86½; Northwestern preferred, ex'd., 96⅛ to 97; Mariposa, 11 to 11½; Mariposa preferred, 19 to 19¼

UNITED STATES SECURITIES

were quiet and steady at the close of Saturday.

Fisk & Hatch, 5 Nassau street, report the following quotations:

United States sixes, Pacific Railroad, 106½ to 107; United States sixes, 1881, registered, 116¾ to 117; United States sixes, coupon, 121 to 121¼; United States five-twenties, registered, 116⅛ to 117; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1862, 122⅛ to 122⅜; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1864, 117⅛ to 117¼; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1865, 118⅜ to 118⅝; United States five-twenties, coupon, new, 1865, 119¼ to 119⅜; United States five-twenties, coupon, 1867, 119⅛ to 119¾; United States ten-forties, registered, 107⅝ to 107¾; United States ten-forties, coupon, 108¼ to 108½.

THE CUSTOM DUTIES

for the week were $2,136,147 in gold against $2,137,146, $2,162,191 and $1,587,149 for the preceding weeks. The imports of merchandise for the week were $5,625,850 in gold against $5,432,230, $6,072,985, and $7,040,090, for the preceding weeks. The exports, exclusive of specie, were $3,587,763 in currency against $3,676,437, $3,853,-146, and $3,871,328, for the preceding weeks. The exports of specie were $403,024 against $527,242, $921,-519 and $232, 258 for the preceding weeks.

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In the first number, to be issued in June, will be commenced a story of deep interest, involving serious social questions, entitled "Married," by Mrs. CAROLINE F. CORBIN, author of "Rebecca, a Woman's Secret." Also a story (in full) by Mrs. Jennie T. Hazen—"Daisy, or the Married Man's Story." Every number of THE UNIVERSE will contain two or more choice stories and sketches, and other literary matter.

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THE CHICAGOAN is issued under auspices more brilliant than those which have attended any similar periodical in the West. The publisher is Mr. H. N. F. Lewis, Editor and Proprietor of the *The Western Rural*, the great success of which journal is owing to his energy and excellent judgment.

From the Woman's Advocate.

This excellent journal, high-toned, progressive and meritorious hitherto, has added a star to its already brilliant diadem by fairly espousing the all-important and all-absorbing question of woman's elevation and enfranchisement. It is young and vigorous, and has for its manager one of the best newspaper men in the country—the successful and energetic proprietor of the familiarly-known *Western Rural*. This alone speaks good, but the appearance and contents of THE CHICAGOAN settle the question beyond a doubt. It is emphatically a *family* paper, as it gleams with good things on the subject of Woman Suffrage and Woman's Independence. Beside, it is "set up" by women, and the matter largely prepared by women, making it emphatically a *woman's* journal. H. N. F. Lewis, publisher, 113 Madison street, Chicago.

From the Wapello (Iowa) Republican.

THE CHICAGOAN.—If any one imagines that the old ruby-dub in the current light reading of the day is to be continued, we beg him or her to buy a copy of THE CHICAGOAN and be undeceived. It is spicy, thoughtful, independent. While it is mainly taken up with literature of a new and brilliant order, in which new ideas are allowed scope and drift, it finds space and moral courage to treat of the socialistic and other reform questions of the day, fully and fearlessly. It is *the* literary paper for those who are up with the times.

From the New York Home Journal.

THE CHICAGOAN devotes itself less exclusively than formerly to literature, having assumed the position of organ of the progressive movements for social reform in the West. In advocating the right of women to the franchise, and to full participation in the civil, social and educational privileges of citizenship, it is eminently vigorous, thorough and fearless.

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